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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	769
WESTERN SOCIALISM'S FUTURE	771
UNSETTLED KASHMIR	771
CLOSED CHAPTER	772
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	773
DARKNESS AT NOON. By Sagittarius	774
THIS ENGLAND	774
REPORT ON CZECHOSLOVAKIA—II. By Alexander Werth	774
IT ALL DEPENDS. By Jaspitos	775
ARCHITECT, CRITIC AND PUBLIC. By J. M. Richards	776
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	777
"NOM D'UN CHIEN." By J. R. Ackerley	777
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
A Month in the Country. By T. C. Worsley	778
Radio Notes. By Michael Innes	779
The Movies. By William Whitebait	779
HOLLAND HOUSE: AUTUMN, 1949. By Margaret Stanley-Wrench	780
CORRESPONDENCE	780
From K. Arnold; F. Noël Jones; Archibald Robertson; H. N. Brailsford; H. D. Dickinson; Charles Ould; Richard Hilton; E. H. Athanassoglou; Compton Mackenzie and others; J. C. Lynch; Giles Romilly; and David Williams.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By H. N. Brailsford	Page 783
REVIEWS:	
The Mortal Moon. By J. I. M. Stewart	784
The Stick and the Carrot. By A. J. P. Taylor	784
St. Crumpet. By Ralph Partridge	785
Travellers. By Walter Allen	785
Liberty Bell. By Norman MacKenzie	786
The Last Kafka. By Michael Hamburger	787
Mountain Men. By Arnold Lunn	787
Lost Chances in Italy. By Basil Davidson	788
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	788
CHESS. By Assiac	789

THE LESSONS OF 1949

THE historian will have little difficulty in selecting the three memorable events of 1949. The Communist victory in China, the Tito-Stalin schism and the Russian manufacture of the atomic bomb have, each in its own way, profoundly altered the world balance of power. The measure of Western statesmanship is how far we are ready to modify policies and habits of thought in order to meet these new realities.

The retention of power by Marshal Tito and the spread of Titoism in Communist Parties may be the most important development in Communist politics since the Stalin-Trotsky conflict. Ideological conflicts no longer simply divide East and West; they run across strategic frontiers and create divisions within each bloc. The great issues of principle—Titoism *versus* Stalinism, free enterprise *versus* Socialist full employment and fair shares, Empire *versus* national self-determination—are making nonsense of the Truman doctrine and of the Molotov doctrine as well. It is indeed a healthy sign that ideas are no longer completely enslaved to power politics. An increasing number of Americans are more interested in a victory for the Fair Deal over Wall Street than in the anti-Communist crusade; and not all Communists now accept the view that history consists of a simple struggle between the united forces of World Revolution and its monolithic capitalist enemy. War is the simplest form of politics; and complications, which smudge its stylised blacks and whites, are a sign of sanity.

One such complication is the Communist victory in China. Hardly anyone still pretends that this was a victory for Russian arms or Russian agents. Yet it would be silly to deny that Mao Tse-tung is a sincere and loyal Communist who will try to work as closely as possible with the Soviet Union and will welcome further Communist advances in South-East Asia. His triumph faces the Western democracies with the problem whether in this whole area Communism is not objectively a liberating force which may well provide the kind of authoritarian regime that in Western Europe was the immediate successor to feudalism and the necessary prelude to political democracy. Is it Communism we object to, or Russian domination of Communist parties and regimes? Are we, as Socialists, to oppose social revolution and repress the uprising against White ascendancy? Or is it our aim only to prevent these elemental movements from being distorted into conformity with selfish Russian interests? Until we have made up our mind on this issue, it is futile to pretend that we have a policy either towards China or towards the Soviet Union.

The Government's Indian policy—probably the most notable of all its achievements—has given Britain the opportunity in Asia to rise above the vulgar simplifications of the Cold War, to transform the Commonwealth into the first equal community of White and Asiatic peoples, and to establish sensible relations with the New China. In executing that policy, Mr. Attlee was greatly assisted during the last four years by the Labour Governments in Australia and New Zealand. Though the temper of their peoples—White islanders in an ocean of coloured races—forbade enthusiasm, Mr. Chifley and Mr. Fraser were big enough men to see the historical necessity of the change and to follow the British lead.

Next week at Colombo Mr. Bevin will confront politicians of an inferior calibre. Mr. Menzies, and to a lesser extent Mr. Holland, are not merely raucous free-enterprisers but imperialists of the old Churchillian school, who would like to restore the White man's status in Asia, and will probably side with the Americans on the issue whether to recognise China or not. These doubts about the Australian and New Zealand Tories remind us how far Labour and Socialist ideas since the war have become the basis of Commonwealth unity. The Tory advocate of Empire is an enemy of the Commonwealth far more dangerous than any Communist.

Unfortunately this is a lesson which not all Labour Ministers have fully learnt. For the British peoples sterile anti-Communism is a suicidal gospel which can only divide and ruin the Commonwealth, just as military re-armament, which is the only policy of its exponents, destroys our strongest defence. If there ever was a time when we could feel secure against the Russians because of preponderant military power, it ended with the announcement of the first Russian atom bomb. Now we must seek security by methods less crude than the threat that American atom bombs could devastate Moscow.

What should those measures be? First and foremost to seek a more candid statement from both East and West of the other's intentions and to build on that an agreement to disagree. Such realistic candour is just what is lacking to-day. On every issue which divides us from the Soviet Union there is imprecision, doubt and ambiguity which can only be resolved by negotiation. Such negotiation should have begun during 1949. The greatest failure of British statesmanship in that year was our refusal to give any serious attention to the new Russian proposals on atomic control at Lake Success and our stubborn adherence to the out-dated Baruch Plan. Atomic rearmament is a crushing burden on both America and Russia and vastly increases the insecurity of Western Europe. There are good reasons for all of us to desire at least a halt in the fatal process. But such a halt will demand sacrifices by both America and Russia, and no nation is in a better position to put forward such a compromise than Britain. Our Indian and Chinese policies and our plans for a new and equal Commonwealth make nonsense unless they are accompanied by an initiative on this central issue of peace and war.

Wage Freeze—

Trade Union Executives have less than a fortnight in which to determine their attitude to the recommendations formulated by the General Council of the Trades Union Congress in a final statement to be considered by a special conference of Executives on January 12. The nature of the recommendations—that wage claims should be deferred and cost-of-living sliding scales suspended for at least a year unless the index of retail prices rises or falls by more than 5 per cent.—was already known; and the statement issued this week deals mainly with the background against which the General Council has framed its proposals. It is clear that the Council is not happy in advocating a wage-freeze while profits remain on a remarkably high level; and it promises to acquaint the Chancellor before the next Budget with its views on "any further changes which may appear to be necessary" in the distributed profits tax. It is equally clear that the Council recognises that workers have been unfavourably impressed by recent increases in relatively high salaries and by proposals to award large tax-free bonuses to managing directors. If stability in the price level is to be secured, there is need, the Council argues, for "further complementary action from the Government, from industry, and from other responsible groups in our national life." Yet, though it emphasises that there is no suggestion of a standstill in *earnings*, provided always that the recent remarkable increase in national productivity continues, the Council has no hesitation in warning affiliated Unions that the alternative to a wages-stop might well be unemployment and the ensuing "acceptance under duress", as in 1931, of disastrous measures of deflation.

—And Wage Policy

Regarded as a temporary expedient, to which the imminence of a general election is probably not without relevance, the General Council's proposals are sound enough. Until we have a clearer picture of the post-devaluation course of exports and internal prices, there is everything to be said for the exercise of restraint in demands by organised labour for increased remuneration, without increased output. On a longer view, however, there is a patent weakness in the General Council's attitude. It specifically disavows any intention of "interference with the traditional rights of individual trade unions," and it declares that it "cannot impose a wage policy." This, of course, is true enough; and it must be borne in mind that both builders and boot and shoe operatives have already declined to suspend their sliding scales, that the N.U.R. has not abandoned its demand for an advance for its lower-paid members, and that the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions is still pressing its claim for an all-round increase of £1 a week. Nevertheless, though it cannot impose a wage policy, there is no reason why the General Council should not propound one. To say that no worker may have his wages increased unless all secure increases is the very negation of planning. If Britain's labour force is to be economically distributed, if under-manned industries are to obtain recruits, and if the export drive is to be firmly founded, there must ultimately be a national wage policy.

Aid for Yugoslavia

The New Year holds the promise of substantial economic assistance from the West for Marshal Tito's regime in Yugoslavia. Having agreed to pay British interests the sum of £4 millions over the next eight years by way of compensation for enterprises nationalised, the Yugoslav Government has now secured a commercial agreement with Britain providing for trade to an estimated value of £22 millions a year each way over the next five years. Britain has also undertaken to provide Yugoslavia with a guaranteed general credit of £8 millions, repayable over six years, together with substantial credit guarantees for private trade. The products which Yugoslavia will thus obtain from the United Kingdom—in exchange mainly for timber, maize and non-ferrous metals—will do something to mitigate the hardships caused by the Eastern blockade. More important, however, from the Yugoslav standpoint is the news, announced in Belgrade on Tuesday by Mr. Kardelj, that the International Bank has "agreed in principle" to grant Yugoslavia a $25 millions loan for capital reconstruction. This loan will be the successor to considerable aid already extended by the United States. Yugoslavia has secured from the American Export-Import Bank credits of $20 millions for building purposes and $5 millions for the purchase of raw materials; and further raw material imports from the non-Communist sector of the world are being facilitated, according to Mr. Kardelj, by the allocation to Yugoslavia of $9 millions from the International Monetary Fund.

U.S.I.

The pomp and ceremony are over. The red-and-white flag of the new United States of Indonesia flies where the Netherlands tricolour has intruded for more than three centuries. Queen Juliana has "unconditionally and irrevocably" transferred "complete sovereignty" in a document handed to Dr. Hatta in the royal palace in Amsterdam. Only a year ago he was her prisoner. This dramatic change in the relations of two peoples is a triumph for both sides, and a victory for the United Nations. The British Government was one of the first to grant diplomatic recognition; it was followed at once by Australia, Canada, India, South Africa, Pakistan and the Philippines. Pandit Nehru, whose intervention after the second military action in December, 1948, was one of the decisive moves towards a peaceful settlement, expressed the views of all progressive people by referring to the new Republic as "symbolic of the magnificent, moving and, unfortunately, sometimes tragic, drama taking place throughout Asia." Of all political leaders to-day, Nehru most of all appreciates the dimensions of the economic and social problems which face countries which gain their independence after being run for centuries by foreign capital, foreign civil servants and foreign armies. Unfortunately, the Dutch troops have not left Indonesia simultaneously with the transfer of power; their presence for the next six months is a potential danger, most apparent at the moment in West Java where a Dutch officer and his troops are reluctant to end of their own private fighting. On the economic side, the Americans have lost no time in offering financial aid. With the example of American aid to China in their minds, the Indonesian leaders will not make the mistake of believing that dollars can be a substitute for a policy of independent national development.

The Cost of Oil

The economies which it is proposed to make in Britain's purchases of oil from the dollar area appear to be provoking vigorous protests from the American oil interests. Exception is taken particularly to the methods by which the saving in dollars is to be secured, namely, the requirement that American-owned concerns which sell either petrol or fuel oil (other than ships' bunkers) in the British market must buy up the surpluses of sterling area oil producers before they draw on supplies from dollar sources. This, of course, looks, in American eyes, like a monstrous act of State discrimination in favour of British-owned concerns, which are in effect being thus enabled to dump their surpluses on their competitors. Figures, however, recently issued of the dollar cost to Britain of oil products leave no room for doubt as to the necessity of a drastic switch from dollar to sterling area sources. It is estimated that Britain is at present spending $350 millions a year on purchases by the sterling area of oil supplied by American companies. In addition, British-owned oil companies which trade, as buyers and sellers, in both sterling and dollar oil, apparently incur a net dollar deficit of $275 millions a year on their transactions. Thus, the total dollar cost of oil consumed in the sterling area is a heavy debit item in the balance of payments; and it is to be hoped that the new Australian Government, which has optimistically derationed petrol, will co-operate in economising in dollar oil purchases.

Jamaica Votes

The Jamaican people have ill-advisedly condemned themselves to another five years' rule by the flamboyant Mr. Bustamante's Labour Party. During the election campaign—the second held under the new constitution—it had looked as if Mr. Bustamante's failure to make good his extravagant promises of 1944 with regard to social welfare might lead to his defeat: in Jamaica, poverty and deficiency diseases are as prevalent as ever; unemployment is high, particularly in Kingston; and many of the Prime Minister's supporters had been disillusioned by the evidence of their hero's close alliance with big business interests. Thanks, however, to the support given him by the local press, coupled with the fact that the poll was low, Mr. Bustamante has just scraped a majority. Five years ago, he won twenty-two out of the thirty-three seats in the House of Representatives; the People's National Party, led by Mr. Manley, secured five seats, and there were five Independents elected. This time, the Labour Party has seventeen seats only, and is opposed by a solid block of thirteen National Party members, with two Independents. Mr. Manley and his supporters can hardly be described as Socialists: their ambitions, in the way of nationalisation, are confined to the public ownership of light and power, telephones and broadcasting. But they stand considerably to the Left of the demogogic leader of the Labour Party, and are now in a position to act as an effective Opposition. Mr. Bustamante's return to power will be regretted particularly by the advocates of West Indian "integration"—a policy to which the Jamaican Labour Party is firmly opposed.

Ourselves

Last April, thanks to the gradual easing of the paper shortage, we were able to take what we described as a "first step" towards relaxing the "cribbed, cabined and confined" conditions imposed by war-time austerity on the typography of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. We are glad to announce that our next issue—the first of 1950—will mark a further step forward: a substantial section of this journal will be printed in larger type. We cannot pretend that our format will be wholly satisfying, as yet, to those who crave nostalgically for the noble type and lavish margins which characterised the spacious days of 1938. But at least our columns will be easier to read, and will compare less unfavourably in appearance with our contemporaries in lands where the balance of payments is of less concern. We take this opportunity of wishing all our readers a happier and less frustrated New Year.

WESTERN SOCIALISM'S FUTURE

Of the three wings of the great working-class movement—political, industrial, and Co-operative—two are now split right asunder by the ideological conflict between Communism and its antagonists, and only the International Co-operative Alliance maintains an uneasy neutrality. Even the Co-operators, however, are not finding unity easy to maintain. Last year's International Co-operative Congress at Prague was nearly broken up by dissensions when the Communist Co-operators tried to turn it into a wing of their anti-imperialist campaign for peace and "people's democracy"; and the last meeting of the International Co-operative Alliance's Council has just been denouncing the subordinators of Co-operative Societies to the totalitarian State and insisting on "voluntarianism" as the necessary line of truly Co-operative action. At any time, the Co-operators may split asunder; one cause of rupture might well be the future of the Co-operative movements in the Colonies, which the Communists are as eager to turn into anti-imperialist nationalist channels as the Western Co-operators are to see them developed as successful trading and marketing agencies supported by Colonial Governments.

Be that as it may, European Co-operation has managed so far to keep fairly well out of the ideological conflict—except of course that, in Eastern Europe, it has been harnessed firmly to the new People's Democracies and its old leaders liquidated. No such standing aside from political issues is possible for the Trade Unions in the world of to-day; for every Trade Union movement in Eastern Europe has become a part of the totalitarian political machine and is dominated by the Communist Party; whereas in the West every body of Trade Unionists has to make up its mind whether to subordinate its members' immediate claims to the requirements of national recovery and increased production or to treat the Governments, however composed, as its enemies and wage the class-war relentlessly in support of anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist principles, no matter what the effect may be on national prosperity or on the workers' own standards of life.

In Britain and Scandinavia so far, the choice has been relatively simple, because it has been evident to the main body of the people both that the failure to go on increasing production would have disastrous effects on the standard of life and that their Governments have been doing their best for them, even if they have not always done it very well—especially in handling foreign affairs. But for the workers of France, Italy, and a number of other countries, the situation has been much more complicated. Not merely have the Governments of those countries been pursuing much more ambiguous policies in relation to working-class claims; another difference is that neither France nor Italy has passed through the experience of developing over a generation the institutions of the Welfare State. In Great Britain and in Scandinavia this experience, with its attendant benefits to the wage-earning classes, has very nearly wiped out revolutionary feeling and has made the Trade Unions, not indeed part of the State machine, but the intimate allies of the Welfare State. On the Continent there is no such sign of identification with the State and the parliamentary system as allies in the struggle against poverty and insecurity. Even when Socialists are in the Government, the State is felt as an external and in general an inimical force, dominated by hostile class-interests.

It is therefore natural for the working-class movements on the Continent to respond much more readily to propaganda which is meant to set them in open opposition not only to the Government of the day, but also to the entire political system. The revolutionary notion of a "People's Democracy" means nothing to most British or Scandinavian workers: it produces, if anything, instinctive dislike, at any rate since the Labour Governments of recent years have shown their mettle. But the Italian worker, in industry or on the land, naturally reacts in quite a different way. The existing State, even if the Government contains a few prisoner-Socialists, is his traditional enemy, and is hardly less so now than in the past. The French worker, after a brief period of hope found in the comradeship of the Resistance, has watched his State slip back into its traditional capitalist habits. The Belgians have seen the same thing happen: the Dutch, through Benelux, are being dragged the same way.

This does not make for working-class solidarity in these countries. Each of them, except Italy (and even Italy in some degree, in the North) has a social composition in which a large petty bourgeoisie has close links with the upper strata of the working classes, and has also close links with the civil service and the lower elements of the government machine. This is enough to prevent a solid rallying of the working classes to Communism; but it is not enough, as it is in the Welfare States to ally the greater part of the working classes to a political party which regards representative government as a sufficient engine for the accomplishment of social change, or to give the working classes a sense of belonging to the State as it is. Thus it comes about that Socialist Parties of the constitutional parliamentary type find themselves based, not on a solid working-class movement, but on an uneasy foundation of support derived largely from blackcoats and a stratum of upper manual workers, whereas the Communists, free to fight without responsibility to the State as it is, can enlist a high proportion of the industrial workers, if not as party members, at all events as militant Trade Unionists prepared in most matters to follow a Communist lead.

A further complication is the Church issue. The Catholic parties are indeed so divided internally as to be incapable of following consistent social policies; and the Catholic Trade Unions nowhere command more than a fraction of the working classes. But both are powerful enough to prevent the Socialist parties, wherever they are confronted with powerful Communist opposition, from rallying enough support to make the "Third Force" into a power sufficient to take control of the situation. Nor is any alliance of the Catholic "Social" parties with the Socialists capable of any fruitful results; for in every Catholic Social party, in the last resort, the reactionary elements, well organised on an international basis, are in a position to call the tune. At the same time the powerful influence of Catholicism in the American State Department gives the European Catholic parties a position of vantage as the favourites of the Americans in working for a restoration of "moderate" capitalism in Europe in opposition to Social Democracy.

This is particularly true of Western Germany, now becoming an important factor in the balance of forces in Western Europe. With Catholic influence strongly buttressed by American favour, the Socialists are for the time being almost eclipsed—largely through the British Government's failure to give them adequate support during the past four years. The tragedy is that to-day, in order to rebut the charge of being "British stooges," German Socialists have to withhold full collaboration with Western Socialism and to acquiesce in a policy which puts their country into the camp of private enterprise as the ally of capitalist reaction.

From this unhappy situation there is, for European Socialism, no easy way out. The "Third Force" is, for the time being, quite incapable of taking the lead in the movement for West European unity, in independence both of the Soviet Union and of the United States. It can but flounder along, in the hope of a turn in events that will restore its chances; and no such turn can come easily, as long as the fear of war dominates the situation. Only a *détente* in the state of feeling between the dominant groups in the Soviet Union and in the United States can give back the initiative to democratic Socialism by removing the main factor that keeps the majority of Trade Unionists in both France and Italy subservient to the will of Moscow, even against the immediate national interests of the French and Italian peoples.

This depends more on the Americans than on the Russians, for the simple reason that the Russians are much more afraid—and rightly—of the Americans than the Americans can possibly be of the Soviet Union. That is why it will be a calamity if the new International Federation of Free Trade Unions is allowed to become no more than a wing of the anti-Communist counter-offensive in Europe, instead of devoting itself to bridge-building between East and West. It is all too plain that Western Europe can neither look to living permanently on American bounty nor regain prosperity without a large renewal of economic intercourse with the East—more so than ever now that German industry is about to resume its key position in the economy of Europe. The moral for European Socialists is to hang on, in face of all difficulties, in hope of a relaxation of American pressure and of Soviet intransigence—which are closely linked—and to make much greater efforts to agree upon a common policy, above all, between the British and the French in relation to Germany. The Socialist outlook in Europe is not good for the time being; but only Socialists are capable of propounding workable solutions for Western Europe's problem.

UNSETTLED KASHMIR

(By a Correspondent)

SETTLEMENT of the Kashmir issue is an increasingly urgent need. In 1950, India's presence on the Security Council, against which Pakistan campaigned vigorously, will undoubtedly make it more difficult to reach an accord; but no formula of mediation is likely to prove successful unless agreement between India and Pakistan can be reached on the future of the "Azaad" army. India is demanding recognition by Uno of Pakistan aggression in Kashmir and the withdrawal and disbanding of the "Azaad" army as a prerequisite to the plebiscite. This is the most thorny problem that has developed out of the original situation.

In 1947 the "Azaad" forces were only a small band of former British-Indian Army soldiers, demobilised after the war, and repatriated to the locality from which they were recruited: Poonch and the Mussafarabad area, the stronghold of the Kashmir Muslim League. With this same area as their supply and operations base, the tribesmen made their almost successful raid upon the Kashmir Valley. When the attack failed and the ephemeral urge of the tribesmen for a "holy war" weakened, the rapidly growing 'Azaad" forces took over. It soon became common knowledge that they were being equipped and officered

by Pakistan, and they now total 32,000 men. Pakistan has refused to withdraw her own nationals or to allow the Kashmiri members of the force to be disbanded.

The position to-day is that the troops which India sent to Kashmir control Jammu Province in the South, with the exception of Poonch and Mussafarabad. They control also the Valley of Kashmir, Ladakh in the far North-east, and some of the North-western frontier regions, Dras, Gurais and Thitwal. The troops which Pakistan has raised in Kashmir since October, 1947, face the Indian Army all along the cease-fire line down the Indus Valley, joining up with their main forces in the Mussafarabad area. Each Dominion insists that the other withdraw its troops first. The departure route for the Indian Army would cover hundreds of miles of arduous transport, involving months of evacuation. In comparison, the majority of the "Azaad" forces would remain in Mussafarabad, while the Pakistan element would merely withdraw over a good motor road through the Jhelum Valley to Rawalpindi, whence they could make a rapid return and easily occupy the defenceless Kashmir Valley.

Both India and Pakistan insist that the presence of the other's troops will influence the proposed plebiscite. The Indian Army has operated over a far greater area of Kashmir territory, and doubtless the population has been indirectly influenced by work and wages arising out of military transport and establishments. The Indian Army, to judge from what I saw in the most remote villages, paid well and promptly for goods and services. As for direct influence, the Indian Army is under the command of its own Defence Ministry in Delhi and is not in any way at the disposal of Sheikh Abdullah's local government. The "Azaad" Army, on the other hand, is concentrated in the same area as the Provisional Government organisation of which it is the instrument.

If a plebiscite were held, voting would certainly vary from region to region. In Jammu Province, centre of the Dogra community to which the forcibly retired Maharaja belongs, and centre also of the (until recently outlawed) R.S.S., the influential faction is against Sheikh Abdullah because he is a Moslem, and against his regime because it is vaguely socialistic; but voting for Pakistan would be suicidal for them. Neighbouring Poonch and Mussafarabad are "Azaad" territory, and will obviously vote solidly Pakistan. In the North-west, Gilgit has a very small Moslem population, members of the Shiia sect, who will presumably vote Pakistan. Kargil, further North along the Indus Valley, has also a small population of the same fanatical sect, and will vote the same way. The most remote region, Ladakh, is Buddhist and has long and often suffered from the proseletising fervour of its fanatical neighbours. A recent deputation of Lamas from Leh (the capital of Ladakh) to Delhi, made it clear to the Indian Government that they were willing to remain with Kashmir if it joined India; otherwise they would seek affiliation with Tibet.

If the plebiscite were taken as a whole, it is the Valley of Kashmir, with a population of just over 2,000,000, or more than half the total, which would decide the outcome. Voting in the Valley would normally be influenced by material factors, although Sheikh Abdullah has a loyal following there. He himself once said to me: "The people will vote for the Kashmir National Conference, though of course they could, under certain circumstances, perhaps be carried away on a wave of hysteria for Islam." A European employee of the Maharaja said the same thing in another way. "I think the people will vote for Abdullah, at least in the Valley; but they are very simple; and, if the plebiscite is put to them in the form of pictures of temple and mosque, and if they have to choose, they might become confused."

The influence of material factors is already evident. Hindu landlords, Sikh contractors, Dogra officials and others of this class are violently opposed to Abdullah because of his Moslem faith and his socialising tendencies; but probably they would not have the courage to vote for Pakistan. Merchants and middlemen of all types, especially in Srinagar, who have lost, with the departure of British tourists, their goose which laid the golden egg, blame India for the catastrophe and make bitter propaganda against Sheikh Abdullah, particularly among members of foreign diplomatic Missions holidaying in Kashmir this summer. Most of this class are Moslems. Many work openly as Pakistan agents. But the mass of the people, about 80 per cent of them, are peasants living in the primitive misery and semi-slavery of the middle ages. One day in the Sonnemarg Valley, we stopped three peasants walking back from the market town. We asked one of the peasants if he liked Abdullah. He replied very seriously: "If we don't like him, whom should we like? He has given us land."

Pakistan claims that the "Azaad" Government now represents the genuine rebellion against the Maharaja; but seventeen years as head of the Kashmir National Conference, in and out of the Maharaja's jails, give Sheik Abdullah seniority—at least over Pakistan's choice, Sardar Ibrahim, a smart young lawyer from Poonch who arrived on the scene in 1947. In two years of experimental government the leaders of Kashmir have shown the usual weaknesses, inexperience, inefficiency and some corruption. Nevertheless, in spite of adverse conditions, fundamental reforms for peasants have been achieved. Industrial development has hardly commenced for want of capital and skill. Political liberty operates in a rough and ready fashion. Pakistan supporters and agents are often imprisoned, but the prisons I visited were not inhuman and those convicted seem to be released after short sentences. Even after considering all these elements it would be difficult to prophesy on the plebiscite result. Crop failure, floods, shortage of essential commodities could be as vital factors as the cry of Islam.

Just before he left for Europe a member of the U.N. Commission said to me: "The decision is really out of our hands now. What was a simple domestic problem has moved into the sphere of international affairs." But there has been very little evidence of international interest in Kashmir—only a few straws in the wind almost too fantastic to be taken seriously. For instance, one or two Indian papers have carried wild stories about an American loan to Pakistan in return for air bases in strategic Gilgit, from which to bomb industrial Russia. The press made a certain amount out of the arrival in Gilgit of five Chinese Nationalist Generals from Sinkiang. A leading newspaper published an article from a Hong Kong source describing Sinkiang as a Moslem country having no relation to China and estimating General Ma's possibilities as the founder of another Moslem state. Shortly after this, another article from the same source described the pipe-dreams of Nationalist General Pai—to join up Sinkiang, Pakistan and the Arab world! All that can be submitted is that Chinese Communist victories may have drawn Kashmir into Anglo-American calculations, in which case they would perhaps give their support to the side most likely to be useful.

While the United Nations may desire a quick decision on a situation which for the past two years has been a threat to peace between India and Pakistan, the time factor is the main reason for which a rapid judgment will be difficult to formulate and perhaps impossible to execute. The original problem has become enmeshed in the circumstances of its inevitable development, in claims and counter-claims, in domestic intrigues and external pressures. In the beginning, when the situation was fluid and neither India nor Pakistan were sure of themselves, Uno might, by a technique of speed and surprise, have enforced its will on both countries. But now the situation has hardened; the disputants, calculations and reservations made, have taken up fixed positions. The most disturbing aspect of the problem is that each country expects judgment to go in its favour. India may be more cautious in her public utterances, but Pakistan officials of the highest standing talk openly of fighting for what the United Nations does not grant them.

Delhi, December.

CLOSED CHAPTER

THE period of creative release and Socialist unity, during which an astonishing amount of rebuilding has been accomplished, has come to an end in Poland as well as in Hungary and other parts of Eastern Europe. Only a year ago President Bierut called for the full support of all democrats and, in particular, of the Polish intelligentsia, pledging himself and the Communist Party to give equal rights to all who would work for the Socialist future of Poland. That was in Warsaw in December, 1948. His latest pronouncement bluntly states that the Central Committee no longer regards technical and expert qualifications as any criterion of usefulness; only the correct "political and ideological" attitude of an official is important. All the educated personnel who were employed in leading positions in factories and trading organisations have, he says, to be rigorously screened, since many of them have lived abroad and been exposed to the influence of foreign Intelligence. The Party contains too few peasants and too many intellectuals. These must now be limited to 10 per cent. Their attention is called to a new decree about "State and Service secrets"; to give almost any information on public affairs—such as a report on a provincial council meeting—may be an infringement of the law, and carry with it a penalty from ten years' to life imprisonment.

A few days' after Bierut's speech, an article appeared in the Communist periodical *New Ways* urging greater vigilance on the economic front. The author, Eugeniusz Szyr, a Minister and Vice-chairman of the State Planning Commission, referred to the enemies and saboteurs who had found their way into State trading organisations and enterprises. New York, London, the Vatican and Belgrade had all apparently been successful in obtaining spies in key planning positions. Mr. Szyr even suggested that they had brought with them modern technical espionage equipment, and that journalists, artists, writers and sportsmen visiting Poland usually came there for Intelligence purposes—like those ostensibly engaged in charitable and philantropic work in Poland. "Evil-doers must be eliminated and new blood infused into the economic apparatus of the State." In future, one may assume, the Government should find it easy to explain any economic failures.

A great purge seems to be in the offing. As a preliminary, some of Poland's most prominent public servants—especially those with experience of the West—have gone into obscurity. Particularly fierce attacks have been on Gomulka, who was Vice-president of Poland and head of the Polish Communists. General Spychalski, formerly Vice-minister of National Defence, is accused of being

responsible for allowing old "Second Bureau agents," that is, members of the Polish Military Intelligence, to work within the State organisation. Two of these, including Mr. Lechowicz, once Minister of War, have been arrested. Gomulka has also been charged with allowing Mr. Dubiel, former Vice-minister (not arrested) to serve in the Ministry of Regained Territories. According to Bierut, he had collaborated with the Germans. General Spychalski is described as politically blind and careless. He has lost his "ideological background and party instinct," thus facilitating subversive activity by *agents provocateurs* and hidden enemies in the Party. Apparently it was his fault that General Modelski, former Polish Military Attaché in Washington, deserted to the Americans with confidential documents.

One conclusion follows from all these purges in Eastern Europe. While the "People's Democracies" lasted, political trials were confined to those who might plausibly be charged with plotting to restore the old regimes. Cardinal Mindzenty, for instance, was without doubt an enemy of the new Socialist regime; if he did not succeed in overthrowing it, if necessary with foreign help, it was not for want of trying. Indeed he scarcely made pretence of a less exalted ambition. In such a case, a Westerner recalling that dictatorship had always ruled in Eastern Europe and that *habeas corpus* and the process of justice, as we know it, had never been known in Hungary, could with reason do no more than question the methods used in the trial, and hope that the period of "revolutionary justice" would not be long continued. But the new batch of trials raise a different issue. It is not Fascists, clerical reactionaries or enemies of the new regimes who are being purged, but highly honoured citizens, men who have spent their lives in working for the revolution. Their crime is "Titoism," that is the crime of seeking for their countries a measure of independence. That after the war these countries must be militarily, economically and, to some degree, politically dependent on the U.S.S.R. has been clear ever since the German armies began to retreat from Stalingrad. But not until the last few months has it been certain that they would be denied the right to run their own internal politics, or that their Socialist programme would be dictated by Moscow. The hope that their political development might follow their own national tradition and, in so doing, help the Socialist parties of East and West to co-operate, must, for the time at least, be abandoned. We are watching the revolution devouring not its enemies but its own children. Stalin himself is no better a Communist than Tito, Kostov or Gomulka.

A LONDON DIARY

Some newspapers are still calling for the blood of Sir Leslie Plummer. Superficially they have a strong case. Everyone admits that the groundnuts scheme has gone badly wrong and that, apart from an almost unexampled drought which exaggerated every difficulty, many mistakes have been made. Everyone agrees, in principle, that when an enterprise goes wrong it is the man at the top rather than underlings who should be sacrificed. But in this case there are powerful counteracting arguments. People who have no axe to grind in the matter have told me that there is a grave shortage of good personnel for such enterprises, and that, as for efficiency, Sir Leslie is as good a man as you could find for this job. It is added that he is not, in fact, responsible for the defects which were due much more to the very hasty preparatory survey, made long before his appointment, and to the initially gross underestimate of the difficulties by the experts. Finally —and this is the really important point—I am asked how, in these days of inevitably numerous and important public enterprises, we are to get anything done at all if those put in charge of them are to be sacked as soon as things go wrong. If that were the rule, it would be impossible to find people of enterprise and knowledge to carry on at all. A man like Sir Leslie Plummer accepts a job at a smaller salary than the one given him by private enterprise. As compensation, he is offered a new, exciting job, plus the knowledge that if he succeeds he will be, not rich, but great in esteem and public honour. If he is to be thrown out as soon as real difficulty arises, then the risk for him is much too great, since loss of the job means both loss of income and something like public disgrace. I don't pretend to know the complete answer to this problem, but I suggest that it must be the business of the Minister to defend the man in charge as he would a departmental civil servant, unless, of course, some serious charge is proved against his chosen official, or his failure has been demonstrated over a stated period of years. No one occupying such a post could be said to have succeeded or failed within a period of five years.

* * *

When Professors Haldane, Bernal, Levy and others are tried for the crime of disagreeing, on some points, with Moscow about what is best for British workers, Mr. Pritt and Mr. Archibald Robertson will write to the *New Worker* (which will have taken the place of the *New Statesman*), saying that they will examine the confessions and the evidence when it is published (which means after the defendants are dead), and then give their impartial verdict on the justice of the trial. They will reassure doubters by pointing out that in all previous cases in which they have thus restrained any desire to criticism, they have found, when criticism could no longer be effective, that the evidence justified the verdict of guilty. This is a fair reply to Mr. Robertson's letter in this week's issue. His second paragraph also confirms my remarks of last week. The honest Communist argument is not that Bukharin, Kostov or perhaps, in the future, Gomulka, were "guilty," (whatever that means) but that in any case and in all circumstances the Cominform must be supported because Communism is essential to Socialist victory and the only alternative to world war, etc. Therefore, all means are justified. My brief answer is that Soviet policy now seems to be designed to produce war and disunity—even amongst Socialists. Mr. Robertson's last point is absurd. I did not suggest that all who confessed or did not confess were executed, but that the Court's sentence was decided by the Cominform for political reasons and not affected by the existence or absence of a confession.

* * *

A Siamese friend who has been reading the Bangkok papers tells me that Pibun, the present Dictator, has established contact with Pridi, his old rival, friend and enemy. Pridi has been in exile ever since the *coup d'état* that followed the death of the King for which, absurdly, he has been held responsible. Pridi, after spending nearly two years in Singapore, is now living in China. He appears to have replied to Pibun that the shocking state of Siam is due to his failure as Dictator to clear up the medieval politics which prevent anything being done to remedy the country's social and economic confusion; that he would not return unless reforms were being carried out, but that he certainly would come back if, as he expected, civil war was the result of the present policy! This is most easily understood to mean that the Chinese, who have taken over so much of Siam's trade, are likely, with Communism victorious over the frontier, to take a hand in Siamese politics in the near future.

* * *

There is something pretty miserable about the end of the *Strand* magazine. I find it hard to believe that the firm of George Newnes could not afford the loss of money necessary to put the paper on its feet again. After all, no one who has ever mattered in the world of publishing has thought of a paper as merely a means of profit; most of the best papers have had their periods of loss as well as those of prosperity. Here was a case of a paper which had deservedly won great prestige. Almost every great story writer, from Kipling to Bennett and Wells, Conan Doyle to W. W. Jacobs and P. G. Wodehouse, has written in the *Strand*, and nothing happened to destroy its reputation except the interruption of the war. After the war it continued to publish not the snippets and brevities suitable to a Lilliputian paper, but long stories such as would be suitable to the old size. The idea, I think, was to continue the tradition so that when April 1st, 1950, did come, and it was possible to assume the ancient format, the paper would be recognisable inside as well as externally. I made some inquiries about what expenditure would have been necessary to keep it alive. I gather the price would have had to have gone up from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d., and to make it pay perhaps £50,000 would have had to be spent on getting the increase of circulation necessary. Apparently Messrs. Newnes did not think this worth while. Since there was obviously a risk of losing money, nobody could blame them, if money-making is the only object of publishing.

* * *

The theoretical difficulty of finding Christmas entertainments suited to all ages is usually solved by the grown-ups discovering that their own intellectual age is about ten. But the problem does sometimes arise because highbrow children, searching for more adult forms of amusement, have to be accompanied by grown-ups. This year, I happened upon two shows which give equal pleasure to the sophisticated of all ages. The Players Theatre always gives a pantomime, followed by a traditional harlequinade, but the 1949 "Beauty and the Beast" is a cut above their usual high level. Their regular team is at its best on this occasion, helped out by the bass of Mr. Gavin Gordon, whose Beast would seduce any fair lady. Miss Rose Hill plays the Fairy Queen with what must be a unique combination of a Covent Garden voice and a positively Hermionesque capacity for low comedy. But one reason for the success of this excellent stuff is that it follows a period of the regular "Joys" during which the audience is encouraged to shout and sing as loudly as it likes. I believe it is this identification of the audience that makes one come home from Benjamin Britten's "Let's Make an Opera" at the Lyric so much more satisfied than one ever is after the merely passive enjoyment of any show. Watching, I realised how passionately the audience enjoyed being made to sing quite difficult music. They really felt that they both understood a bit more how an opera was being made, and had taken part in its creation. I think if I were a musician or a producer to-day, I would start with the assumption that the audience have become much more educated about music, and that the certain road to success is to make them feel that they are, to some degree, performers.

* * *

The shop window displayed a familiar scene of a manger, plastic oxen, a mother and child with a fine entourage of angels. The small girl said

indignantly to her mother: "Mummy, don't tell me they are bringing religion into Christmas now!"

CRITIC

DARKNESS AT NOON

The Century attains its noon,
(Ring out the old, ring in the new!)
But bells of joy ring out of tune
With hollow celebration.
Goodwill and peace we do not see,
But gruesome shapes of things to be,
And in the year of Jubilee
No cause for jubilation.

Mankind looks after and before
(Ring out a slowly dying cause!),
A springtime spent in wasteful war
And victory's delusion.
The era of the common man,
Now reaching its meridian,
Is not proceeding as per plan,
But sinks in dire confusion.

Not morning peal, but midnight chime,
(Ring out the darkness of the land!),
We hear, borne on the stream of time,
Beyond mankind's controlling;
Enveloped in the global gloom,
Committed to atomic doom,
We know, this New Year's Day, for whom
Those iron tongues are tolling.

The world is gone that we have known
(Ring out the feud of rich and poor!)
The ancient order overthrown
To which we still are clinging.
Our fears and dangers will increase
Till from the past we find release,
Now, while bells ring good will and peace,
The seeds of war are springing.

The century has reached its turn
(Ring out the want, the care, the sin!)
No golden age we now discern,
But one of retribution.
The half-way mark already passed,
The sun will be descending fast—
But wait! We can descry at last
A stay of execution.

The fatal year has but begun!
(Ring in the new, ring out the old!)
Its revolution must be run,
Which gives us twelve months' warning;
Do not despair, for we perceive,
We may so use a year's reprieve,
That Nineteen-fifty's New Year's Eve
Brings happy New Year's morning.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

For sale—"Beggar Boy" by Murillo. Subject symbolic investing public thus suitable Board Room.—Advt. in *Financial Times*. (David Gillian.)

"Socialism is the public ownership of everything. That is the only sane meaning to attach to the word—and that is the meaning Mr. Attlee attaches."—Colm Brogan in *Daily Express*. (Z. C.)

If a driver chooses to spoil performance statistics by gazing at scenery, that is his own concern, but this does not affect time/distance relationship which is possible to one who regards natural scenery as an unnecessary excrescence.—*The Motor*. (Rodney M. Galey.)

Bath is one of the most beautiful cities in the Kingdom. . . . A large proportion of the inhabitants are of a distinctly residential class.—Advt. in *Homefinder*. (R. P. Irving.)

Is it not time that the Father Christmas legend was discarded? The mentality of the football pool and dog track—the creed of something-for-nothing—has its roots in the mythical generosity of this pagan rite.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (J. A Smith.)

At his audience with the King after his appointment the only thing that the King had to say was that he hoped the Archbishop would stop the clergy from wearing moustaches.—From review of *Diary of a Dean* in *Manchester Guardian*. (E. G. Boshell.)

REPORT ON CZECHOSLOVAKIA—II

"YES, yes, yes, I know all about that," said Comrade Vojacek, "but is peace enough? Is prosperity enough? Of course, I am a member of the Party, couldn't keep my job if I weren't. But why must I go to Soviet films, when I want to see *Hamlet*? They sold eight thousand tickets in six hours for the *Hamlet* film, and then, on instructions from Comrade Lebedev, the official Soviet film representative, the showing of the film was cancelled 'for technical reasons.' I have not been forbidden to go into the British Reading Room, but I have been *advised* not to do it; I have also been *advised* not to listen to the B.B.C. Mind you, I voted Communist in 1946, but I wasn't expecting all *this* would happen. *Why* should I be placed in a position where I can't say No when I am 'asked' to sign the birthday greetings to Stalin? Why must I inevitably say Yes, when I am asked whether I want to take two Russian lessons a week? I tell you, these people *want* the Iron Curtain!"

Comrade Vojacek (of course, that isn't his real name) was disgruntled. Pointing at the Christmas Books number of *Lidové Noviny*, he said: "Just look at this! Last year, they had a *bona fide* Gallup poll on the ten most popular books of the year (at least half of them were Western); but now they have three lists of ten books—'The Ten Books That Will Help to Bring Peace to The World'; 'The Ten Books That Will Help Us in Our Life and Work'; 'The Ten Books That Bring You the Greatest Joy.' Seven in each of the first two lists are Soviet books, and five in the third list. The one and only Western book among the thirty is Albert Kahn's *Great Conspiracy*." Comrade Vojacek is a Czech intellectual, who, like so many others, voted for the Communists in 1946. The intellectuals, at any rate, feel that things have become much too tough. Their old and amiable conception of the People's Democracy has given way to a stern dictatorship of the proletariat.

The Czechs are, by nature, easy-going people, and do not like to be kicked around or flustered. But they are. There is no terror in Prague, as there was in Russia during the Civil War years, or as there was in Germany under the Nazis; but one man gets locked up, and a thousand others are made to feel nervous, wondering if they haven't done or said something to bring upon them the 6 a.m. knock on the door. (In Prague it is 6 a.m., not 3 a.m. as elsewhere.) One hears in Prague all kinds of figures about the number of people arrested in recent months. A careful inquiry into the whole question seems to justify the phrase "token terror."

There have been three lots of repressive actions. The first concerned the "underground," and involved, in fact, a surprisingly small number of people. As one Czech friend remarked to me: "If we did not have a very serious underground even under the Germans, how do you expect us to have a large underground directed, not against Germans, but against fellow-Czechs?" It seems to have been a small affair, but rather a ruthless one, complete with third-degree methods, and with a number of death sentences. But, as far as I could ascertain, the number of severe sentences in the past nine months has not been much more than 10 death sentences (among them General Pika), 3 sentences of life imprisonment (among them General Kutlvašr), and about twenty sentences of 20 years' imprisonment or more.

The second "action" was a purge process; thousands of people were thrown out of their jobs or demoted in one way or another. Finally, there was (and apparently still continues) the third "action," directed against what is called the "private sector"—that is, uncompromising private traders, nationalised business men, black marketeers, non-conformist lawyers, doctors, and different varieties of pro-Benes "suspects," all of whom, in virtue of the law of October 25, 1948, are picked up, usually at 6 a.m., and sent off to labour camps for their "re-education." In principle, these arrests, made on the recommendation of regional committees, involve a maximum of two years in a labour camp.

From what I could gather, the conditions of work in these camps are not, as a rule, inhuman: the prisoners, before being sent to do heavy work, pass a medical test; there is a system of payment by results, and the "better" prisoners are even allowed occasional leave. There is no indication that anybody is allowed to starve, or is beaten to death, or disappears; but one may well be shocked by the principle of the thing, not least because some of these arrests are said to be made because somebody has had an eye on the prisoner's flat, or is feeling generally vindictive. Whether, in these circumstances, model citizens emerge from the camps at the end of two years may be seriously doubted. The number of people thus picked up (especially during week-ends in the late summer and autumn this year) is not officially known; but, according to the most reliable estimates, it amounts to about 5,000 people in Prague, and perhaps another 5,000 in the rest of Bohemia and Moravia.

Apart from spivs, slackers, non-conformist lawyers and the like, there have been recently quite a number of arrests in the Communist Party—a fact referred to by Slansky in a recent speech. All these arrests may not, numerically, amount to very much, but the moral effect of this "token terror" has been very serious. How often, during these weeks, have I noticed that shifty, furtive look in people's eyes, a look of ill-suppressed fear. I was particularly conscious of it since the day when the *New York Herald Tribune* had (unjustifiably) bracketed my name with that of Mr. Zilliacus! "Hm, yes . . ." an official would say, fidgeting uneasily in his chair, "you've just come from—from—Belgrade?" "No," I would say, "I have just come from London." "Ah, yes, but——" Another old Communist acquaintance whom I cheerfully rang up, spluttered through the 'phone that he was busy, and would be busy for *weeks*, and promptly hung up the receiver.

Not everybody was quite so absurd, but there is one thing certain. Nothing in Czechoslovakia to-day is worse than to be suspected of Titoism. Slansky was extremely violent on the subject, and said that the utmost vigilance must be exercised by all Communists in relation to anyone showing the slightest symptoms of the disease. In the West, Titoism may be considered an intellectual attitude; in Czechoslovakia it is tantamount to high treason. One must say that, in their own ruthless way, the Russians have been extremely smart in stamping out Titoism in the People's Democracies. Tito and Pijadje and Djilas can produce all the arguments in the world they like to show that they are right and that Moscow is

wrong; that, in the official Czech view, is totally irrelevant—one simply does not argue about the merits of Titoism any more than one can argue about the merits of murder, or sadism, or high treason. The purpose of the Rajk Trial was to demonstrate that to be a Titoite was to be an agent of American imperialism, plotting against the unity of the Soviet bloc.

I asked one Czech Communist whether he, and the Czechs generally, *really* believed that Tito had been an agent of the Gestapo and an agent of American Imperialism. Had he not, after all, nearly gone to war with the Americans and British over Trieste? "Agent, agent—well, that's a *façon de parler*; one doesn't take literally *everything* that was said at the Rajk Trial; but, mind you, in terms of Soviet foreign policy, and Czech foreign policy for that matter, the conclusions we were all forced to draw from the Rajk Trial are perfectly logical. We have no choice. Yugoslavia is bound, sooner or later, to become an American satellite; our economy and our political future are bound up with the Soviet Union; we cannot, as a Socialist country, ignore her 30 years' experience, nor can we do without her assistance, both military and economic. That is, of course, if we want to go on with this Socialist experiment. And there is nobody in Czechoslovakia who is going to, or will dare to, say No." And he added that Tito, who was "a megalomaniac," had got himself into a dreadful jam. "We had the programme of Yugoslavia's industrial development all mapped out; we Czechs were going to help Yugoslavia in a very big way in return for food and metals, and now they are, of course, at the mercy of the Americans. And just look at *their* standard of living, and *their* economic progress compared with ours!"

The Czechs have had a traditional liking for Yugoslavia, and Tito himself was popular as Yugoslavia's great war leader; the Yugoslavs have so many qualities which the Czechs lack. But my guess—though I may be wrong—is that, just because they are such reasonable and rather unromantic people, their country is the most Tito-proof of all the countries of Eastern Europe. Also, despite Slansky's stern warning, I doubt whether there are any strong pro-Tito tendencies among the Czech Communists; they have always been a legal party in Czechoslovakia (except during the occupation), with strong pro-Moscow traditions and a reluctance to depart from the established party line. Maybe there are deviations on a low level (among those people to whom Slansky referred), but I have found no basis at all for the story put forward by M. Bourdet in *Combat*—a paper reflecting a French intellectual attraction to Titoism—about "imported" Communists like Slansky and Geminder eclipsing "native" Communists like Gottwald and Zapotocky. Surprises are always possible, but if one can be certain of anything, one can scarcely doubt the solid pro-Moscow unity of the Czech Communist leadership.

As for the rank-and-file, many will, no doubt, have their tongue in their cheek while reading all about the "Fascist reptiles" of Belgrade, Sofia, Budapest, and, before long, Warsaw; but they are not likely to do anything silly themselves. That no super-trial of Titoites is contemplated in Czechoslovakia is, indeed, suggested by the statements of Brankov in the Rajk Trial; while he was categorical about Titoist gangs operating in Poland and Bulgaria, he sounded very uncertain about Czechoslovakia, when pressed by the Public Prosecutor. Prague rumour has it, however, that if there is going to be no Titoist trial in Czechoslovakia, a big American spy trial is in the offing.

Prague, December. ALEXANDER WERTH

(To be concluded)

IT ALL DEPENDS

THE Chairman of the Tribunal sat under a high plush canopy; on his right two bulky representatives of the Trade Unions, on his left an academic of sorts, as I guessed, and a Services representative. The Conscientious Objector under examination stood in open court below the visitors' gallery, in front of the Table of Five, and both questions and answers were audible to all. Behind the Chairman hung an accusing portrait of George V in scarlet military uniform, grasping a sword.

Why should a Tribunal resemble a legal trial? The criminal who is condemned in the eyes of the world is guilty, but the C.O. who is rejected is to be considered merely as unsuccessful, unacceptable; the defendant in a law court is questioned on matters of fact, in a Tribunal on matters of belief; fear in a witness may reveal facts that he is trying to hide, but can only make a declaration of his beliefs confused and inarticulate. The importance of this struck me as soon as I realised that the Tribunal was mainly investigating not the sincerity of an argument, which was nearly always apparent, but its coherence. In the cases I saw, in which the objection was dismissed, the Tribunal stated that they thought the Objector was genuine in his beliefs, but did not think that his reasonings hung together. Was that surprising? On the one occasion when an Objector was permitted to read some notes he had written in his defence (incidentally, as the others all had to argue verbally, this was unfair), although his case was of a nature repugnant to the Tribunal, the reading was so cogent and fluent that he was successful. Had he been examined verbally for long, his chances would have been slender.

Inquisitorial atmosphere tells most on minors and young men. The symbols of authority loom large for the boy who has just left school, and the young man, readily persuaded that he is involved in some tremendous Kafkaesque injustice which he is powerless to prevent, can be driven into complete silence, cocky defiance, or even in the precipitancy of the moment into giving opinions which are not really his. In some ways the mechanism of a Tribunal is even harsher than that of a law court. A proper jury has the grace to retire before discussing the accused, but the Tribunal debated among themselves your sincerity or the soundness of your case, for all to hear. A proper judge can curb the irrelevance or bullying strategy of a prosecutor, but the Chairman of the Tribunal, who was a professional judge, although he seemed embarrassed by the heavy-handed and untrained methods of his colleagues, was apparently not entitled to call them to order.

Secondly, all this was aggravated by some startling incivility. The Tribunal appeared to want to have it both ways—on behalf of society to call the young man to account as an adult, but to treat him, nevertheless, with the jocose arrogance of the Housemaster. One of the Trade Union men (shall we call him X?) was the delinquent here. He was, to be fair, unprepossessing; in his element, when dealing with the more timid, but silent while the intelligent talked; and plainly unacquainted with the normal run of pacifist arguments.

There was one small religious enthusiast, bobbing up and down in the "dock," being examined by X, who to the surrealist eye began to look like a loose black button, dangling from the clothes of his vast persecutor.

"How would you set about opposing an invader?" asked X.

"By love," was the answer.

"Huh! What's the use of love with a Panzer division coming down the street!"

This was followed by a vigorous laugh and a glance round court. X's technique was merely to rephrase the Objector's statement in burlesque form and throw it back at him. When the young man advocated non-resistance in the case of invasion, he exclaimed: "So you wouldn't mind seeing your best friend killed in front of you!" This attribution of callousness so stunned the other that he said nothing. Perhaps his silence was taken as shamefaced assent. He was rejected. In other cases X would ask a question, and during the first few sentences of the reply cut in with "Oh, we don't want to hear about that," or "You're not answering my question, are you?" Once he asked if one young man belonged to a political party.

"No," was the answer, "as I do not agree with any of them."

"So you're going to start a party on your own, eh?" was X's unfriendly comment.

None of the Objectors was uncivil to the Tribunal.

Religious objections usually resolved themselves into scriptural quotations and counter-quotations by Objector and Tribunal. This schoolman's or Pharisaic approach was, of course, hopeless, as could probably be seen best by a sceptic, such as myself. What Christ thought of social problems has remained a matter for personal interpretation, long sanctioned by Protestantism. Serious opinion has varied from the out-and-out condemnation of war by the Early Fathers to the more up-to-date views of Loyola and the bomb-blessing bishops. The dilemma of a Tribunal, an ancient dilemma, is to examine revelation on rational grounds. The dialogue would run on these lines.

X: "When Christ quoted 'Thou shalt not kill,' what makes you think that that applies to killing in *self-defence*?"

Objector: (perhaps of limited intelligence) "But He did mean that. It says so. 'Not kill' means not kill anyone."

X: "You've said that before. But we want reasons. What chain of reasoning led you to that conclusion?"

Objector: "It isn't reasoning. It's in the Bible."

X: "What you think is in the Bible, rather. You still haven't given us a reason."

This method of attack may separate the quick-witted from the stolid, as the quick-witted, seeing which way the wind is blowing, will hasten to garnish his case with more sophisticated trappings; but it is no way of telling sincerity from imposture. The sort of defence given above is the immemorial reply of the religious dissentient; it is also extremely easy for the fraud to mimic. Cross-examination can find out nothing.

The third heading concerns myself. When my time came, I expected a rough handling, because of the unpopular brand of pacifism which I believe in. Far from it, I was treated with deference and passed in three minutes. The irony must have struck my predecessor in the "dock," who put forward an identical case, but met a quarter of an hour's grilling and hostile examination. What had happened? What was the magic talisman I bore? I think now that it was that amulet of the influential, which has been called the "Old Boy Network."

I had already noticed that Objectors were frequently asked what political party they belonged to or what school they came from, although it had no bearing on the issue, and that greater politeness was extended to a public school product. In my case, I was alone in wearing an expensive lounge suit, and one of the few with a marked

public school accent. I deliberately held myself straight in contrast to the almost deformed movements of many of the others; I called them "Sir"; I may have looked a games player. The Chairman's first words to me were a little pleasantry about the pronunciation of my name, accompanied by a smile, as if a private signal to me that I was among friends. Immediately the situation recalled a hundred other "Old Boy" interviews of the past, when the interviewer swings like a happy and inquisitive monkey through the family tree of his client. X and the other Trade Unionist were somehow dispensed with, and I was taken on by the academic-looking gentleman.

"What University had I been to?"

"Oxford."

"And what College?"

I named one of the most socially selective. A smile passed over the faces of two of them. "Happy days! Happy days" it seemed to croon.

"You say here," continued my questioner, looking at my written defence (which each Objector is allowed to send in beforehand), that violence cannot be a satisfactory solution to a national quarrel. What would you say about the Dutch War for religious freedom or the American War of Independence? Surely they achieved their objects satisfactorily?"

The walls of the courtroom took on the glow of Jacobean panelling. The history don had put a question. Discuss. My answer, simple as it was, was greeted with enthusiasm.

"A very fair reply, very fair," he said benevolently, and looked along the Bench at the others. The Old Boys nodded like clockwork. Suddenly X broke in, determined to have a share in the intelligent appreciation of my virtues.

"How would you set about opposing an invasion?"

"By recommending and carrying out a policy of complete non-resistance," I said, and in my mind echoed the less periphrastic answer "By love."

X nodded gravely; then, turning to the others, gave his vote first: "Absolutely satisfied."

JASPITOS

ARCHITECT, CRITIC AND PUBLIC

THE trouble about architecture is that the second of the three parties in the title, whose relationship it is the purpose of this essay to discuss, is missing altogether. There is no regular criticism of current architecture comparable with art criticism, dramatic criticism or music criticism. Whether the critics are not forthcoming because there is too little public interest in buildings, or whether the absence of public interest is due to there being no critical writing to stimulate it, would be difficult to say. The fact remains that the man in the street, be he ever so intelligent and discriminating about books and plays, has no habit of looking at architecture intelligently; for him it is either a professional mystery beyond his power to understand or an act of God—like the weather—beyond his capacity to control.

There used to be popular discrimination about architecture, if only among well educated people. In the eighteenth century to know something about the art was part of every gentleman's stock in trade. The change since then is due to a number of causes besides the gradual disappearance of a leisured class; it is partly due, for example, to the increasing complexity of building technique. If the eighteenth-century gentleman had an eye for proportion and a taste for the niceties of scholarship, which his successors seem to have lost, both he and the ordinary man in the street also had a working knowledge of building materials sufficient to enable them to understand at a glance the structural basis of any building they looked at. They knew instinctively when a timber beam or a stone wall was strong enough to do its job because of their life-long familiarity with the properties of wood and stone, and this gave a practical basis to their interest in architecture. But now wooden beams have given place to reinforced concrete or patent floor-slabs of some kind, and stone walling to steel framing. Their proportions are based on elaborate mathematical calculations, and they have thus lifted architectural technique out of the range of direct human experience.

Nevertheless, habits of the eye change like other habits, and it is by no means necessary that technical complexity should put architecture beyond the grasp of the ordinary man. He has a passionate interest in motor cars, about which he readily becomes a connoisseur without necessarily understanding everything that goes on beneath the bonnet. With motor cars, he knows how to strike a nice balance in his mind between looks and performance, and there is nothing in their technical complexity to prevent his doing the same with buildings; so we must look elsewhere for the main cause of his lack of interest in the latter.

Perhaps we should blame the complications of planning rather than of technique. There are many more types of building than there used to be, each the result of a study of some highly specialised procedure—like the routine of a general hospital or the sequence of processes that takes place in a factory—and each strongly influenced in its appearance by planning considerations. The ordinary man, realising this, feels that judgment needs more inside knowledge than he possesses, and prefers to leave the whole business to the experts. The result is the present unhealthy state of affairs whereby the only people considered capable of criticising architecture are practising architects or others similarly qualified.

This is not only in itself unsatisfactory, because without an informed body of lay opinion no art can develop properly, but to limit the critics to those engaged in the practice of architecture inhibits free criticism by posing problems of professional ethics. In the other arts—painting, say, or literature—there is no disadvantage, and several obvious advantages, in the critic being also a performer. Many good art-critics are themselves painters, and literary critics (since the medium of criticism is the written word) are by definition writers. But they are not, like architects, rivals for each other's jobs. When one architect allows himself to sit in judgment on another architect's work there is always the possible inference that next time a similar commission comes along it ought to be given to him.

But freer criticism of one architect by another is not enough. Some way has to be found of getting the ordinary man habituated to looking at the buildings around him and feeling that their quality is his concern. However much it is necessary to emphasise that a good building must work well in addition to looking well, the fact remains that architecture is a visual art. In discussing the public's ability to apprehend it as such we come up against the same difficulties that Mr. Raymond Mortimer has already analysed in these pages in relation to painting. Like painting, architecture once had rules which it has now lost. This is not the place to discuss the degree to which modern architecture is itself becoming another style with its own set of rules, or how much the mechanisation of architectural technique is driving it towards a largely diagrammatic form of expression, so that the urge to stylise must find another outlet. But, accepting the principle that the use of the historic styles, when it is not functionally impractical, is in any case culturally meaningless, we are left with the vacuum created by their gradual disappearance and the consequent absence of any valid criteria of criticism.

Mr. Mortimer suggested that most people's interest in painting began by being an interest in subject, and that only on the basis of that interest were they able to train their eye to make a full and discriminating aesthetic response. The place of subject in painting might be said to be taken in architecture by that connoisseurship about the styles in which the amateur of architecture has specialised since the eighteenth century, and, for the less educated, by a sentimental appreciation of antiquity and all the overtones it possesses. Architecture, that is to say, has, like painting, depended for its effect much more on emotional (or associative) values than on strictly aesthetic ones. The historic styles have provided, in a sense, a short cut to architectural appreciation that has made the exercise of active visual discrimination unnecessary; but now, pending the establishment of a new idiom, culturally and technically more relevant to our time, a high standard can only be set by learning the use of the eye afresh.

Architectural appreciation, however, is confused by the presence of subject in another sense: of the *purpose* of the building which, as noted already, the spectator knows he must take into account without feeling confident that he has the inside knowledge to do so. Yet this is an asset to architecture as well as a cause of complication. It means that architecture, setting as it does the tone of his environment, is clearly a matter that concerns the ordinary man for many practical reasons even if he has got into the habit of regarding it as none of his concern as an art. Indeed his lack of interest in the design of buildings may well be due to a suspicion that an art which ought to be based on his own needs too often puts other considerations first. He reads about housing in the newspapers, but only as a statistical answer to an administrative problem, and he sees grandiose government buildings that only seem designed to create another barrier between the officials they house and himself. It may be, therefore, that architecture must draw closer to him as a utility before it can claim his interest aesthetically. It is, fortunately, in a strong position to do both at the same time. For architecture is itself an educative medium. It can fulfil the purpose of advertising the potential of the modern world, and thus help to create a demand for that rational application of means to ends from which what is called modern architecture takes much of its inspiration.

It is wasted energy to try to wean the public away from its sentimental attachment to period architecture and architecture rich in romantic associations, with the idea of instilling into it a liking for good taste for its own sake. Its attachment to the styles of the past is quite natural and is due, among other things, to the sense of security they give in a world increasingly dominated by the unknown. But as soon as this very unknown—the new world of science—is shown to be an ally not an enemy, the suspicion born of its novelty will disappear and with it this clinging to the familiar and the traditional. The man who has made sure that the motor car is not going to run away with him is not going to demand that it should model its appearance and its rate of progress on the horse carriage.

It is not his taste that wants educating, but first his understanding of what architecture could do for him and then, simply, his eye. His pre-

sent preferences—or prejudices—are not themselves visual; he has got so out of the habit of looking at buildings critically, whether they are period or modern, that he is just not aware whether proportion is pleasing, materials well used or scale appropriate. To remedy this is a long process, but that is where the necessity for criticism comes in.

There is, however, one practical difficulty to be overcome: the law of libel, which applies more stringently to architecture than to the other arts because of the large amount of someone else's money involved. To put up a building is not only to commission a work of architecture, but also to invest money in property, and in criticising an architect's work it is often difficult to draw the line between what is merely an opinion on his merits as a designer and what is an opinion on his competence to handle—or incompetence to mishandle—a client's or a company's funds.

Whether critics could speak their minds more freely if they were specifically invited to a private view of every important new building—for the same reason that a ticket for a first night or a review copy of a book represents an invitation to express an opinion on it—is a matter for the legal experts. What the critic is most aware of is that in the absence of routine press criticism any attempt at seriously criticising buildings, since it takes on the character of an unwarranted attack, creates a resentful critical climate in which reasonable discussion is most difficult. As elsewhere, the law of libel chiefly operates not when it is really applicable but through the atmosphere of caution it engenders. J. M. RICHARDS

SO THEY SAY . . .

How well does the British daily press cover events in America? During the first three weeks of December, for instance, there were quite a number of interesting American stories—the second trial of Alger Hiss, the New York drought, the Hopkins "atomic leakage" scare, the inglorious departure from the public scene of Mr. Parnell Thomas, America's decision to keep the monopoly of atom-bomb manufacture, and three worthwhile U.N. debates—on the colonies, the Soviet Five-Power peace pact, and the internationalisation of Jerusalem.

Over the period, incomparably the best coverage was given by the *Manchester Guardian*, whose despatches from Alastair Cooke are an outstanding feature in contemporary journalism. As for the Hiss trial, the *Guardian* was the only paper with full reports; most papers ignored it completely. The other stories most fully covered by the *Guardian* were the drought and the Harry Hopkins smear campaign. In the three weeks under review, it devoted some 625 column inches to American news.

Next best American coverage was in the *Daily Telegraph*, with nearly 600 column inches of space. (This, however, included two long features on the New York theatre.) The *Telegraph* paid most attention to the Hopkins story, all "atom" news, and the drought. Uno did not fare so well, while Hiss might as well not have existed.

The Times came third in coverage, with around 500 column inches. Uno debates, particularly on the colonies, received most space; Hiss, Hopkins, the bomb, and the drought got only brief mention.

Of the popular papers, the *Daily Express* was well ahead, with about 400 column inches—mainly by virtue of its daily half-column of *charivaria* from C. V. R. Thompson in New York. Its coverage was, not unexpectedly, distributed somewhat differently from the "quality" papers: apart from one big front-page story on the colonies ("UNO OUTVOTES THE EMPIRE"), the main items of American news appeared to be Shirley Temple's divorce, Clark Gable's marriage, and the drought.

The *Daily Mail* had some 270 inches of American news, partly made up of Don Iddon's weekly "feature." The atom bomb was always good for space in the *Mail*—as was the daughter of a film producer who was shot in a police chase.

The *News Chronicle*, devoting less space to America than the *Mail*, gave a much wider coverage, and none of the important stories went unmentioned. The N.Y. water shortage came in for amusing treatment by Robert Waithman, but the excellent coverage of the first Hiss trial was not repeated.

The *Daily Herald*, despite a regular "American Commentary" by Arthur Webb, only managed some 150 inches of American news, in which Shirley Temple's affairs occupied a disproportionately important place.

The *Daily Mirror*, surprisingly, mustered nearly 300 inches of space, but this was mainly devoted to features on what Americans are wearing, eating, thinking, etc. Lake Success stories got the best showing as far as "hard" news went.

The *Daily Graphic* had the most meagre coverage, averaging a few inches a day, although it tried to make up for it with a weekly "Searchlight on America" feature.

The *Daily Worker's* use of the considerable space it devoted to American stories was highly selective. Specimen: U.S. ATOM SCARE MANIACS POUNCE ON WALLACE. AUTOLYCUS

"NOM D'UN CHIEN"

That dogs are better value than cats nobody will dispute—nobody, at any rate, who has come across Ylla's remarkable dog photographs. This is not to deny that cats are elegant and seductive, and often extremely beautiful; but they have only one face. Dogs, as Ylla brilliantly shows, have an actor's versatility of countenance. Moreover, dogs are often cats, but cats are seldom dogs.

My own dog is a cat. She is also a lioness, a wolf, a fox, a doe, a frog, and a cobra. One could not have much better value than that—some might even think too much. Her identity card self is an Alsatian bitch, sable grey, with a dark diamond on her pale forehead; and when she gazes at me with love and crumples back her tall, plush, shell-pink ears, she puts on the most constant of her many human faces, which, with her dark caste mark and her glowing, black-rimmed, far-eastern eyes, is that of an Indian maiden. I did not name her and her name is Queenie.

I came late in life into the domestic pet world, and had no intention of entering it at all. I desired neither cat nor canary; and, as for dogs, my sympathies lay, if anywhere, with that liberal but ruffled school of thought (William Macaulay, Henry Orwell, Lord Forster, Rose Reed, George Plomer, E. M. Berners) which felt that a firm stand should be made against British sentimentality over dogs—dirty, noisy creatures—or disliked having the pavements fouled. But I chanced to do some kindnesses to Queenie when she was very young and in need of help, and from that moment she marked me for her own. I knew little about dogs and had no means of maintaining one; but to be wooed by the most beautiful dog in the world was difficult to resist, and, like Mignonne the panther in the Balzac story, she had her way in the end.

In spite of the dog denouncers, who say that dogs are over-publicised, little seems to be known about them or their ways. Streams of books appear on the habits of birds, and concealed cameras flash and click at them, day and night, even in their most intimate moments, until one wonders that they do not suffer from all manner of inhibitions and neuroses, and perhaps they do. But helpful books about dogs for the ordinary dog-owner are comparatively few, and those that have come my way are, like professional opinion, often contradictory and confusing. Sir Reginald St.-Johnston, for example, in *Dogs of Every Kind*, says: "A dog's stomach is relatively small and ill-adapted for overloading." Major R. C. G. Hancock, in *The Right Way to Keep Dogs*, says: "The stomach is large, in big breeds nearly as big as that of a horse—ten times its bulk." When there is so profound a disagreement over the size of a dog's stomach, it is small wonder that there should also be confusion over what should be put into it.

When one acquires a dog one has to feed it. What could be simpler? One's own after-dinner left-overs with some extra bits of meat added, lots of nice dog biscuits, and a bone for dessert. And what could be further from the truth? Queenie, when I started her off this way, skilfully picked out the bits of meat, gave the biscuits a bleak look, was delighted with the bone—and next morning uttered little cries of pain when she defecated. More information was clearly needed, and I went in search of it. These are hard times, of course, for master as well as dog; better to be born a French poodle than an English bulldog; but although Mr. Rowland Johns (in his *Dog Owners' Treasury*) informs us that "Exhaustive tests in America have demonstrated that dogs can be maintained for long periods on plant proteins," this was not a faith that Queenie appeared to embrace, or such vets as I visited to have heard of. Meat, if one could get it, preferably raw, preferably cooked, and in quantities over which also there was far from being any unanimity of opinion. So far so good. But what about vegetables? Yes, of course—and here a great profusion of baffling advice came my way—potato was bad for dogs; potato did no harm; root vegetables were indigestible; raw carrot was good for the coat; the outside leaves of cabbage would do; lettuce and spinach were best—while Queenie continued patiently to extricate her meat from the midst of cabbage, sprouts, cauliflower, spinach, lettuce, potato, onion, and carrot cooked or raw.

Then, after nearly two years of futile cooking, I came upon Major Hancock's book. "Vitamin C from the fruit and vegetable world need not be catered for, as the dog has its own factory within the body for this." O science! O reason! Vegetables didn't matter; we were even told why, and our protracted struggle was at an end. So we revere Major Hancock—or at any rate we would if he had not referred slightingly to Queenie in his otherwise admirable book. "In a healthy animal, not too degenerated by human malpractice in breeding, the gastric juice contains sufficient hydrochloric acid to soften bone." So Queenie is a degenerate, for whenever she eats bone she pays for it next day, and once when she demolished the knuckle end of a large marrow bone she had to have an enema. But in that case (for I can pick no bone with Major Hancock) there are far too many other degenerate dogs in my district who have had painful, expensive and sometimes fatal bone trouble, and I therefore feel obliged to by-pass Sir Reginald, who adds, indeed, a new terror to the subject ("A good big bone, *but not one so hard as to risk cracking the teeth*, is always a welcome extra") and Mr. Johns, who rather cautiously excepts "large flat beef bones." I side with Mr. C. R. Acton (*Dogs:*

Their Care and Training), who "strongly deprecates giving dogs bones." Indeed, in my short experience among dogs, Old Mother Hubbard has much to answer for, even if we regard her in the most charitable light and allow that the bone she was expecting to find in her cupboard was not a chicken, rabbit, or fish bone.

But if Mr. Acton rejoices with me in the bareness of her cupboard, his own is full of condition powders. He is most insistent upon their importance as a regular part of a dog's diet. And here Major Hancock's eyes start from his head. "What is a condition powder?" he cries. "Don't buy such preparations unless their formula is printed on the package. In any case, I hotly dispute the implication that the dog is unique in that he must be 'conditioned.'" Major Hancock is the man for me, though I did not need his advice over this. Queenie has never had a condition powder in her life, and she shines like a seal.

The Major has some equally sensible and severe things to say about breeding practices. Breeding is just as easy as feeding, of course; you simply borrow a suitable dog from a friend at the psychological moment, and leave the two dear things alone in the garden for an hour or so. . . . Alas, there are many snags: bitches are as choosey over their husbands as over their food: they like and need to be courted, not raped; if they and their "intended" are virgins, they will probably require guidance; and finally there may be physical disability. Of the four mates, handsome fellows all, I offered Queenie in three seasons, she fancied only one, and he turned out to have phimosis and an undescended testicle. So I admitted the mongrel from next door, for whom I knew she had a weakness, and him she presented with a litter of eight. For purely aesthetic reasons, I would have preferred her to have children as perfect as herself; but more important to my mind than breed was sex.

How much sexual satisfaction, I sometimes wonder as I plod about in the canine world, do dogs, in fact, get. The aristocrats, they have their day, perhaps, for there is money to be made out of them; but the vast majority of dogs, your common cur, what about him or her? Bitches want love for only about a fortnight in the year, and their owners do not usually need Mr. Acton's exhortations to keep them shut up or send them to kennels, for they do not want the trouble of puppies. There is also a splendid preparation called "Keepaway," he says, which, if judiciously applied to the lady, will have the effect its label claims for it. Must not a dog, therefore, count himself singularly blessed if, even once, in the whole course of his life, he happens upon a stray bitch, unsterilised and unanointed, in the brief heat of her desire, and unescorted by the rest of the neighbouring dogs to dispute possession with him—and furthermore in so secluded a place that he does not receive over him, before he has done, the contents of the traditional bucket of cold water from some outraged passerby? Never the time and the place and the loved one all together. And dogs have their own owners to contend with, too. "Now stop that, Brutus! Stop it, I say! HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU?" I hear this rebuke, not seldom, but on almost every walk I take, and not only from women. "I *hate* to see dogs do that!" said a gentleman to me coldly the other day, when I expostulated with him for continually interrupting Queenie's genial conversation with his cocker. As I passed upon my way, I wondered whether the English might not in course of time manage to evolve a dog as puritanical as themselves, a dog, perhaps, that would lear. to wear knickers or a kilt, and blush to be seen out without it.

J. R. ACKERLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

IN one of John Buchan's stories Archie Roylance (I think it was) having time on his hands, decided to look round the London Theatre. It was in the 'Twenties and he brought back to Sir Richard Hannay a black report. Nothing but "unhealthy cynical comedies and gloomy Russian tragedies." One he had particularly disliked, about "a dreary hag falling in love with a youth." It was Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*. Since then we have come to know better and to love these Russian country houses in which so little seems to happen and so much to take place: where there is leisure for the passions to rage ineffectively and life, geared to no obvious economic drives, exhibits itself wilfully, wantonly and erratically, as the life of the emotions. Perhaps we look back to them with a particular nostalgia now that leisure is one of the scarcer commodities. But the biggest change in our feelings is that we no longer invariably attach to the Russians the adjective "gloomy." We see more of the comedy in Chehov, for instance, than by all accounts they saw thirty or forty years ago. This comes partly from a greater familiarity and understanding, partly from accounts of the early Russian productions. It used even to be said, I don't know how truly, that Soviet productions treated Chehov as broad farce. If so, they would have their own reasons (ideological) for doing so, and we would have ours (artistic) for not following them. Indeed it seems to me as if we are in danger of reacting too sharply away from the "gloomy" view—of emphasising the comic at the expense of the humanity and the pathos; and the trouble is that in a time of falling standards our notions of the comic are less civilised. Farce, burlesque, broad comedy impose their cruder values and High Comedy is temporarily out of use.

The comedy in Turgenev, for instance, is of the highest, a pervasive, compassionate irony which draws from us smiles—and wry ones—but few laughs, still fewer guffaws. "A dreary old hag in love with a youth" is a crass description of *A Month in the Country*, but we haven't advanced very far if we are invited, as we are in the Old Vic's present production, to laugh at the absurd situation of a changeable fifty-year-old woman's falling for an awkward, gawky boy. Indeed we have gone back. For during the war we saw Miss Valerie Taylor giving exactly the right tone to this predicament in a production which might, I suppose, be considered more theatrically vulgar than this one, but which had the great advantage of "placing" exactly the depth at which we were to feel for Natalia Petrovna.

A beautiful woman who feels herself just at the point of wane, Natalia Petrovna has never before been in love. She has married a practical ordinary fellow who busies himself with his estate; and she has beguiled herself for four years with an intellectual affair—or better perhaps a liaison of sensibility—with a man of her own age who, if he hopes for more than she intends, is yet prepared to play her civilised game. It has served to pass the long hot leisured days agreeably enough, one supposes, until suddenly a fatal feverish passion takes hold of her, a passion for the tutor in charge of her little son. As the fever mounts and rages, it destroys one by one all the relationships which surround her. Now the first thing that must be decided in displaying this predicament is the angle from which we, the audience, are to view it. The stage, it has been said, is a crude medium and an audience must have an attitude firmly and decisively imposed upon it. An older woman falling in love with a young man—this situation may reach the intensities of pathos, or it may, looked at in quite another way, be comic. Which Turgenev intended it is the first business of the producer (and then the actors) to make up their mind about. Mr. Michel Saint Denis, a producer whose views we have certainly learned to respect, has plumped for the comic (but not, I think, in that case as decisively as he should have). The choice is, in my view, entirely wrong. It does violence to the whole spirit of Turgenev, as delicate a re-creator of the climate of sensibility as he is of landscape. To my mind *A Month in the Country* is a most perfect little representation, exactly noted in its progression, beautifully observed in its horrifying details, touchingly exhibited, of a destructive passion arriving unwanted, taking an alien hold against the victim's will, and irresistibly sweeping her up the illusory heights and then down to the empty wastes that such madnesses bring us to. We are surely not meant to laugh at this: we undergo it, and, in the theatre, at a merciful remove.

A production, then, which takes a quite different aim, which decides arbitrarily against allowing us to feel, which allows us—no, encourages us—to laugh openly at Natalia Petrovna, is one which I find hard to criticise sympathically. Yet irritated by constant misplaced laughs, one may miss many charmingly contrived scenes which are not affected by them. The second act, which takes place in the garden, illustrates for me the best and worst in this production. It starts off with two abominably unfunny comic servants and ends up with an abominably unfunny ludicrous suitor (if the actors will forgive me: it is not their fault). But in between there are two excellently acted scenes. The first is the exquisitely natural encounter between the tutor and Natalia's seventeen-year-old ward Verotchka. Miss Yvonne Mitchell is remarkable here. Young girls on the stage are so often just miniature actresses. Miss Mitchell is altogether a girl, is all angles and directness, casualness and excitement. She is just at the point where, without even knowing it herself, she too is falling in love with the young man who is off-handedly absorbed in tying a tail on a kite. The point of this little scene is as beautifully caught and marked in the playing as it is in the writing. These children are succeeded on the stage by Natalia and her Rakitin. In Natalia, the drug is already working. (Only in this act does the production of her approach the author's intentions. Natalia in the text is twenty-nine; forty would be a legitimate approximation for a modern audience. But in the other acts her dress and make-up seem to be designed to add a further ten years on to that.) She is lit up from within. But she is away with her eyes in pursuit of the enviably young. And so, slowly in Rakitin is built up the suspicion of what is happening. This is Miss Angela Baddeley's best scene; and Mr. Michael Redgrave holds the note superbly. But he does that throughout. His performance is exemplary. His Rakitin stands, so to speak, at just that distance from himself that the ironist commonly keeps (so long as he is untouched); and when he moves into passion it is with an admirably restrained intensity that leaves us feeling as we should about all these people: Ah, the self-absorption of them all. These scenes are delightful to watch; both comedy, yes, but it is a high naturalistic comedy with a poignancy at its centre.

Certainly the comedy broadens out from this refinement through the Doctor out to the minor characters. But with the exception of Mr. Redgrave the acting strikes me in this production as suffering from an excess of expressive emphasis. It catches the manner but not the heart of the characters. The young tutor should be shy and awkward, of course. But not with this excess of shyness and shambling. And then the Doctor, "the local Talleyrand, M. le Diplomat," the portrait of him should allow for the outburst of sincerity at the end of his proposal, which starts as pure comedy. In the St. James's production during the war, Mr. Ronald Squire may not have been ideally cast but he had the advantage of knowing every trick of high comedy. A wink was as good as a nod for him: a lifting of the eyebrows, a turn of the finger, a glance hardly observable—it was with these that he made his effects. Mr. Mark Dignam's Doctor is a very assured,

rounded portrait, but it comes out of comedy of manners, not out of the naturalistic comedy that Turgenev was writing. T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

THE *Concise Dictionary of National Biography* has an account of George Gissing that is a masterpiece of terse gloom. Near the end come the words: "re-visited Italy with Mr. H. G. Wells." Why does one take this as a final touch of the macabre; why was Wells assuredly not the companion with whom one would have chosen to make, when elderly and ill and disappointed and defeated and morbidly shy and sensitive, once more that overpowering pilgrimage to the well-springs of our culture? Wells was very decent to Gissing, presenting himself at some inconvenience (as he explains) at his friend's death-bed and seeing to it that there was a proper supply of handkerchiefs. In *Experiment in Autobiography* Wells describes the scene vividly—and then, even as the body chills to clay, briskly writes off the pessimistic novelist in the name of the new scientific humanism: "So ended all that flimsy inordinate stir of grey matter that was George Gissing . . . he would not and perhaps could not look life squarely in the eyes."

Wells himself, defective in sensibility and taste though he was, did look life squarely in the eyes. There is a wonderful photograph that shows him doing so at the age of ten, despite the photographer having provided him with what is plainly a very nice book. And this, I think, was the Wells that Kingsley Martin's "New Judgment" most potently conjured up—the man who grew from that cocky, impertinent, vastly bright boy in the servants' hall, with no more art to him, or apprehension of art, than you would find in Pluto or Mickey Mouse, yet looking the world straight in the face as if with the simultaneous intentions of analysing it, squeezing it, and cocking a snook at it. First in a rather shakily verisimilar encounter with an inquiring couple on bicycles, and subsequently in a much more substantial and wholly delightful exchange of reminiscences with J. F. Horrabin, the man was built up for us in all his buoyancy, in all his touchiness, in all the earnest and urgent quality of his challenge to *homo sapiens*. Listening, I realised again how to one whole generation at least he had been a beacon second only to the supreme dazzle of Shaw. Here was the story-teller who had picked us up from Jules Verne and *Tarzan* and, by a process in which there was nothing but delight, conducted us into an adult universe—the universe of Mill and Darwin and Huxley. It was perhaps an oddly old-fashioned *milieu* for a prophet, and it is certainly no longer easy to feel Wells as decisively contemporary. This broadcast, indeed, seemed at times to come to us out of a brave old world, even Bernard Shaw being constantly referred to in a past tense. Nevertheless one was left with a lively feeling that there may still be, in both senses, a future in H. G. Wells, and I hope that one result will have been the giving of many of his books as Christmas presents to young people excessively impressed by Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*.

Gerik Schjelderup's portrait of Ibsen was another full of familiar anecdote and reminiscence, but it made me suspect that the forthcoming biography by Bergliot Ibsen upon which it drew may be oppressively concerned with vindicating the domestic character of the dramatist. On the following evening, searching the ether for *Peer Gynt*, I came instead upon *Ghosts;* not Ibsen's, but Dennis Bardens' on the Light Programme. This feature, although presented with some lip-service to the notion of making our flesh traditionally creep, was in fact a series of first-hand accounts of paranormal phenomena experienced by various persons in the course of 1949. I found it absorbingly interesting. Along with Joyce Grenfell's evocation of certain ghosts of her own—notably Nanny Moss and Miss Fern—it made the best seasonable entertainment I struck.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"Bicycle Thieves," at the Curzon

Once is usually more than enough for the film reviewer, but the press-show at the Curzon must have found quite a number of enthusiasts enjoying de Sica's *Bicycle Thieves* for the second time. I had seen it myself a couple of months ago in Paris; atrocious days in the cinema since were often lightened by the thought, "Ah, but there's *Bicycle Thieves* coming!" Then it was put off. One cinema, that tries to specialise in foreign films, turned it down. The general conspiracy among film makers and film-goers to waste money had perhaps been too much shocked by news that this starveling cost a mere £9,000. What! Wardour Street eyebrows that deal only in losses of ten-thousands must have been raised indignantly. This wasn't merely art, it was damned economy! Couldn't some Hollywood benefactor step in, buy the thing up, scrap it, and substitute a glorious re-make with Bing Bogart in *I Had to Have that Chevrolet*? Some such nightmare must have been getting hold of me when the Curzon sent out invitations. In its last week the year would see, after all, its best film. And if talent, true feeling, quickness and charm met with the response they deserve, *Bicycle Thieves* would still be running next Christmas.

It is not, and on its costs couldn't be, a showy piece. Indeed, superficially there is a certain shabbiness in the photographic greys and the wan tinge imparted to music by sound-track; but such little faults one may even prefer in a film that immediately appeals. Shabbiness, a newsreel lack of pretence, suit the shabby lives and surroundings. How well we have got to know the Rome of these film-makers! Not the tourist's Rome, but the city of tenements, short rations, unemployment, desolate bus-ends, and children combing the streets! A too-easy exploitation of this vision shocked us in *Angelina;* here the vision itself dismays and touches. When the adventure of the bill-paster and his small son brings tears to the eyes, it is not only they—an irresistibly odd pair—who tease our affections, but the triviality of grim circumstance that has led them a dance. The bicycle on which their livelihood depends is stolen; they hunt for it all day, occasionally picking up the scent, only to lose it again among bicycles and bicycle parts by the thousand; and towards evening, in despair, the workman himself steals a bicycle, is seized by a football crowd coming away, cuffed, and let go. A simple tale, told in apparently a simple way.

But its warmth of human and often humorous feeling—very different from the treacle-gloss that with so many screen-addicts passes for emotion—has been conveyed by the most delicate and quick means. The detail that everywhere, making its mark, yet hurries, hurries along; the imagery, never obtrusive; the pattern of casualness and the deft interplay of moods; the common touch that renders uncommon; the flight, the bubble, the caricature, the dance: all these, lifted out of their tragic aspect, may remind us of Clair. I doubt, in fact, whether technically *Bicycle Thieves* has added anything to *Sous les Toits de Paris*. It explores the happiest middle means the talkies have yet devised. Many more films can emerge from this inspiration, and would to heaven they would!

De Sica's mastery shows itself remarkably—if one could doubt it at all after enjoying the film—by his use of unprofessional actors. (Here he differs sharply from Clair.) All the performances in *Bicycle Thieves* are as near perfect as may be. One remembers not only the wife, stripping sheets off the beds for the pawnbroker and trotting up to see Madame Clairvoyant, but the little gnome of a roadsweeper in a drooping coat who only opens his mouth once, to utter an inarticulate but expressive plaint; and the figures of the bill-paster (Lamberto Maggiorani) and his eight-year-old stalwart (Enzo Staiolo) are alive and unforgettable as are very few characters indeed seen in films. The child's realisation of the clowning seriousness of his years is a triumph of

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induced acting. His every moment on the screen scores; and his scores are the film's.

What should we exect from de Sica next? What can we *not* expect from him?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Ling Su Hua, at the Adams Gallery

The exhibition of paintings by Ling Su Hua at the Adams Galleries in New Bond Street provides an æsthetic experience which is both singular and delightful. Ling Su Hua is a Chinese painter who has made no concession to the styles of the Continent in which she has made her home; she respects and excels in the conventions and traditions of her own culture, she has all its vigorous delicacy and its calm assurance. This particular exhibition gains a peculiar interest from the rare opportunity which is given us to see our Western world through the eyes of an accomplished artist working in an alien tradition. That a Chinese artist should treat the Alps as though they were the mountains of her native Szechuan is not surprising; what does surprise one is to find a tentative, but masterly, adumbration of wooded hills, misty water and luminous atmosphere entitled "View of Bournemouth." At first sight one supposes that Bournemouth has been subjected to the unsuitable formulæ of an Oriental style; but a moment of attention is sufficient to correct this view. The seaside resort has been translated into rarefied and celestial terms; but it is Bournemouth all right —indeed the likeness is excellent. It is in these European subjects that Ling Su Hua shows the greatness of her talent. Nevertheless, there are some delightful records of China and a few rapid and brilliant still-lives which, in themselves, would more than justify a visit to this remarkable exhibition.

"The Silver Curlew," at the Arts Theatre

For those whose ears find Music Hall panto. rough going, the Xmas entertainment at the Arts Theatre Club provides a gentle and agreeable way of escape. In Miss Eleanor Farjeon's pudding there are plums for all tastes—a nimble Rumpelstiltskin; Mr. Denys Blakelock's likeable "good boy seldom" King Nollekins; Mother Codling and her amicably rustic family; and, lest we miss the fairy princess, Charlie Loon and the Silver Curlew, who have descended from the moon by way of a Celtic Twilight suggested, somewhat austerely, by Mr. Parker's music on two pianos. Not a Blue Bird, this Curlew: somehow, despite Miss Sasburgh's attractive dancing, the ingredient of magic is missing. Or it may be that, in seeking to please both children and adults, Miss Farjeon misses both marks by a little. But that little, in the indulgent air of Christmas, is no great matter; and the faces of Mother Codling's sons, when they find their sister has eaten the whole batch of dumplings, are something to remember.

HOLLAND HOUSE: AUTUMN, 1949

A variation on Constable's painting, The Cenotaph

Here surely, at night, the stag by the cenotaph
Mourns, and one by one, the autumn leaves
Whispering, fall, lambent and silent as tears
Along the yellowing, weed-grown avenue
Where no one snaps the web, or from the stone
Rubs the lichen's slow encroaching green.

One summer more ripens the brick, as fruit
Bloomed with the heat turns russet on its wall,
One summer more, but no one clicks the latch,
Pauses to remember, or at night
Hears the sharp snap of stick beneath carriage wheel,
The muffled footfall of horses walking through leaves.

But in these yellow mists year and decade
Decay with the house that held a century's wit;
Only the shuffling, shiftless sound of feet
On the pavement drifts, like the leaves, the tearful leaves,
And the stag, with noble scorn, with sorrow, stands
A moment, then through the glade has gone forever.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

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WAR CRIMINAL

SIR,—Field-Marshal von Manstein-Lewinski has been found guilty on nine charges and sentenced to 18 years' imprisonment. Whether or not this verdict is to be regarded as an attempt at appeasement is a question which has already caused a certain amount of unfavourable comments in even non-Communist quarters. But it is perhaps worth while to state that it is very doubtful whether a British Military Court was at all competent to judge the case.

In a statement on atrocities signed by President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and Premier Stalin, issued at Teheran on the 1st December, 1943, we read the following:

> "The United Kingdom, the United States and the Soviet Union have received from many quarters evidence of atrocities, massacres and cold-blooded mass executions which are being perpetrated by Hitlerite forces in many of the countries they have over-run and from which they are now being steadily expelled."

After having taken notice of "evidenced monstrous crimes" committed by the Germans in the liberated territories, formerly occupied by them, the statement runs:

> "Accordingly, the aforesaid three Allied Powers, speaking in the interest of the thirty-two United Nations, hereby solemnly declare and give full warning of their declaration as follows:
>
> At the time of granting of any armistice to any government which may be set up in Germany, those German Officers and men and members of the Nazi party who have been responsible for or have taken a consenting part in the above atrocities, massacres and executions *will be sent back to the countries in which their abominable deeds were done in order that they may be judged and punished according to the laws of these liberated countries.*" (My italics.)

It is beyond any doubt that the former Field-Marshal Manstein ought to have been extradited to Poland or Russia and stood trial there, since all the crimes for which he has been convicted were committed in Poland and Russia. Why a British Military Court was entrusted with the task of passing judgment, remains one of the post-war mysteries.

K. ARNOLD

TEACHERS' PAY

SIR,—As an emergency-trained teacher, I would like to reply to "B.Sc." and state that when we were accepted as students we were promised equality of treatment with all other teachers. B.Sc.'s scornful suggestion would mean breaking this promise, apart from the fact that such treatment would be unjust.

I agree that some emergency-trained teachers are not good and should never have been accepted, but the proportion of such people is no greater than among teachers trained under the normal two-year scheme or at universities. It has also been stated by competent authorities that the actual time spent in tuition and teaching practice by emergency-trained students under this intensive training is as great as that spent by two-year trained teachers with their much longer holidays and more free time during the course. Many teachers with wide experience of all types of schools state that the Grammar and technical school teacher with classes, in general, of thirty students of fairly high ability and, almost invariably, relatively modern buildings, does not work as hard or need as much actual teaching ability as the primary or secondary Modern school teacher (there are no elementary schools now) with classes of 35-50 and much poorer buildings and equipment. Most emergency-trained teachers are in primary and secondary Modern schools.

"B.Sc." should also realise that many emergency-trained teachers were well-qualified professional men and women who have given up well-paid posts in order to teach. I am, myself, a qualified pharmacist and could easily earn £700 a year as opposed to my present £400 if I left teaching. I don't want to do so, as I prefer doing a job I like to the extra money, but I am afraid a teacher's salary is so low that I shall be forced to go back to my old profession. All teachers deserve a considerable increase and I am sure every teacher would agree that a graduate

should have a considerably greater increase than "ordinary" teachers, whether emergency-trained or not. But many of this much-maligned body, including myself, would be eligible for the graduate allowance. J. H. S.

SIR,—Your correspondent "B.Sc." attempts to place teachers into groups, each of which he appears to consider has a different "prestige" value, based on the length of training and type of school.

A person's value as a teacher must primarily depend on personality, for the highest qualifications are of no avail if the owner cannot pass on his knowledge to others.

"B.Sc." is so eager to press his case against the emergency-trained that he quite overlooks the fact that many in one of his presumably superior groups, e.g., technical colleges, have never received any training whatsoever in the art of teaching. It is only since the end of the war that training colleges for teachers of technical subjects have been instituted in this country. F. NOEL JONES

BULGARIAN TRIALS

SIR,—In your "London Diary" you charge Mr. Pritt with arguing "the nauseating thesis that all those who have been killed in any Communist trial have always been guilty." As I read his letter, he argues no such thing. He merely argues that specific defendants (trumpeted as innocent at the time by the whole bourgeois press) were in fact guilty in the estimation of witnesses who heard the trial, including one ambassador; and that before we similarly trumpet the innocence of Kostov and Co., it would be better to wait a bit.

Of course Communist tribunals are fallible. So was the Revolutionary Tribunal in the French Revolution. So are our own law-courts and courts-martial. The risk of error is a risk we run in any human act whatever. The question is, first, whether the risk should be accepted, and secondly, whether we at a distance are better qualified to judge than those on the spot.

Those who hold that the global victory of Socialism over capitalism is essential, if we are to escape, sooner or later, a sticky end by atom bombs and bacteria, regard that victory as a military operation in which the unity of the Socialist forces is vital. Consequently disrupters of any kind (be they Trotsky, Zinoviev, Tito or Kostov) have to be squashed, and the risk, inherent in human affairs, of sometimes hitting the wrong man has to be accepted, as every general in the field accepts it.

As to the innocence or guilt of Kostov, only simpletons believe that Western capitalism has no agents in the East, and only simpletons believe that those agents are never caught. Incidentally, it is worth mentioning that Kostov's colleagues, who confessed in full, got off with imprisonment—which makes hay of your first sentence! ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

[Critic refers to this letter in the London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & S.*]

TRUSTEESHIP

SIR,—Mr. Michael Irwin repeated the official British argument against hearing Michael Scott. If he were heard, how many "individuals would flock to Lake Success to air their views?" This reasoning assumes that S.W. Africa is what Dr. Malan claims, a possession for which he is answerable only to the White electorate of South Africa. I cannot forget that it was a mandated area, nor that a majority of the General Assembly decided that it must be treated as a Trust Territory for which South Africa is answerable to the Trusteeship Council. In that case its inhabitants enjoy the rights guaranteed to them by the Trusteeship system, including the basic right to petition the Council, either verbally or in writing. It was this right, precisely defined as it is, which the chieftains of the Hereros exercised through Michael Scott, whom they appointed their agent and spokesman. When Mr. Irwin goes on to suggest that in the future a court should be established "to which minorities throughout the world can appeal," I wonder does he realise that such a court already exists, in the Trusteeship Council, though its jurisdiction is fuller over certain regions, among them S.W. Africa and Tanganyika, than it is over non-self-governing colonies generally. In S.W. Africa, however, the native Africans are the majority. Does that deprive them of the right to be heard?

Hampstead. H. N. BRAILSFORD

TRANSPORT LOSSES

SIR,—Allow me to join issue with you over Transport Losses. It may, under certain circumstances, be justifiable to operate a socialised undertaking or part of such an undertaking at a loss. But the subsidy required to make good the loss should be defrayed out of *general* taxation, not out of a surplus realised in another undertaking or in another part of the same undertaking. The latter procedure is equivalent to a tax on the surplus-yielding undertaking, and, like most specific taxes, it is usually ill-contrived and inequitable. If a subsidy out of general tax funds is inadmissible, then the general principle should be that every part of a socialised undertaking should make such charges as will cover its own costs. To raise bus fares in order to cover the loss on rail transport would be in effect to tax the users of a more economical form of transport in order to encourage the use of a less economical form.

If you contend that road transport is only apparently more economical than rail transport, because the money cost of one of its requirements (petrol) does not adequately reflect its real economic cost, I agree entirely. A really high price for petrol (charged to all users) would correspond to the real cost of petrol to the community in terms of the general scarcity of dollar-goods, and would co-ordinate road and rail transport on the basis of their true comparative costs. But if rail transport still made a loss, the further raising of road fares would not be an economically sound remedy. Why subsidise one class of travellers at the expense of another?

I should like to add that any policy of curtailing the liberty of the "C" licensee would be economically unsound. If the "C" licensee, in spite of his disadvantages, can carry his own goods over long distances cheaper than the Commission can, then either the latter's Road Haulage Executive is very inefficient, or else the Commission's charges for long-distance transport are so high as to exploit the users of long-distance transport for the benefit of the users of short-distance transport. (These two possibilities may co-exist.) The day that the B.T.C. asks Parliament to restrict the issue of "C" licences it proclaims itself either incompetent or unjust, or both.

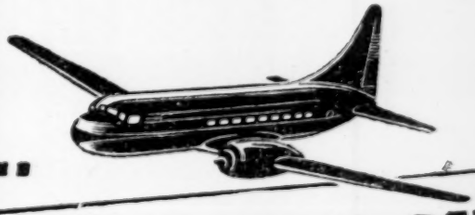
7 East Shrubbery, Bristol, 6. H. D. DICKINSON

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—While thanking my critics for their courteous hearing of my unpopular views and their patience with the long delays unavoidable in controversy at a distance, I shall confine myself for the present to meeting Professor Hogben's request for evidence that South Africa takes any interest in Bantu education.

The 1946 census gave the Bantu population of the Union as 7,735,809. The number of Bantu children in State and State-aided schools in that year was 640,638, and the Minister of Education estimated in September 1948 that at the present rate of increase the number would be 840,000 by 1951, over 1,000,000 by 1956 and 2,000,000 by 1971. The amount spent by the Union Government on Bantu education in 1946 was £2,582,016. This figure, however, does not include assistance to higher education, certain types of agricultural education and about £860,000 for school feeding, nor does it include the subsidies paid by the different provinces. The Union Government's expenditure on Bantu education in 1948-49 was £5,249,000, including provision for school feeding and school buildings. Primary education is free, a nominal fee is payable for secondary education, and a free meal is provided daily for all Bantu school-children except those in farm schools. The number of Bantu children in State and State-aided schools in the Orange Free State, to which Professor Hogben refers, was 61,502 in 1946. The chief obstacles to faster progress in Bantu education are the practical problems of building schools and training teachers.

As regards higher education, the true position is



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as follows. There are two university colleges for Bantu, one at Fort Hare in the Cape Province, the other at Durban, forming part of the University of Natal, and a third is in process of establishment at Pretoria under the auspices of the Dutch Reformed Church. In addition, native students are admitted on the same terms as whites to the Universities of Cape Town and the Witwatersrand. The number of Bantu students in university institutions in 1946 was 329, of whom 260 were at Fort Hare. Since then the number of such students has greatly increased. In 1948, for instance, nearly 300 enrolled in the University of Natal alone. A large part of the income of the Bantu university colleges consists of subsidies from the Union Government. At Fort Hare, in 1946, for instance, the average cost per student was £96 a year, and a little over £60 of this was met by grants by the Union Government. That Government also provides bursaries, of the value of £247 a year each, to enable Bantu students to qualify as doctors. Hitherto they have taken their medical degrees at the University of the Witwatersrand, but it is now proposed to enable them to do so in Natal instead.

A great deal of progress has been made since 1946 in the development of adult education for Bantu, with the help of numbers of voluntary workers drawn from the ranks of White university students and other white South Africans, and experiments are now in progress in the technique of overcoming mass illiteracy. Statistics, however, are not yet available.

With these facts and figures in mind, I said, not that the Union was doing enough for Bantu education, but that it was doing more than any other African country. Professor Hogben says this statement is a lie, and will no doubt produce his proofs of that charge. CHARLES OULD

Journey's End, Mons Avenue,
Newlands, C.P.

"MILITARY ATTACHE IN MOSCOW"

SIR,—I feel sure that your sense of fairness will permit me to reply briefly to Mr. Alexander Werth.

First a point of plain fact. There is more misery and squalor in Russia than in India, though I do not think that I actually said so in the book. I said (and still say) that their *peasantry* are the most miserable of any *peasant* population that I have seen anywhere. This includes the peasantry of India, whom I have known very closely for twelve years. I note that Mr. Werth himself does not deny the appallingly low standard of social conditions in Russia.

Though it may not be fair to ascribe *entire* blame for this to Communist rule (and I certainly have not done so) the present regime cannot escape at least part of the blame. Communism has been in supreme power there for over thirty years. Communists are ready enough to claim credit for improvements, real or imaginary. They cannot fairly disclaim partial responsibility for things that are bad. I have not attacked these social conditions themselves so much as the Kremlin's false claim to be producing a "Worker's Paradise" and the iniquity of their efforts to deceive simpletons all over the world. Mr. Werth admits that "the Russians had a special down on" me for this very reason—that I tried to see social conditions as they actually are instead of relying on official reports or personally conducted tours. Does not this show a sense of shame or guilt regarding social conditions on the part of the regime?

Mr. Werth has put up as able a defence as possible for a weak case by reliance upon a barrage of rather cheap sneers. There is, for example, his little dig at generals who write on unfamiliar subjects—rather a double-edged weapon, I think, for a journalist who has written and spoken widely on the very military subject of war! He implies sneeringly that my knowledge of Russian was limited. It was at any rate adequate to save me from lynching at the hands of a village mob. Not every self-styled "expert" on Russia has been put to such a linguistic test. His sneer that I "do not seem to have entered any houses" is a particularly foolish one. In view of the friendly and hospitable nature of simple unspoiled Russians and my own "reprehensible" (?) energy in quest of social studies this fact is merely an indictment of the present regime whose reign of terror thus stifles the decent human instincts of Soviet citizens. His sneer is in any case beside the point. It is not necessary to go inside a house to judge its standard of comfort when the house itself stands in a stinking garbage dump.

He complains that I have told readers nothing about the Red Army. My answer is that I was not born yesterday. My task was *not* military espionage, in spite of Soviet propaganda efforts to make it seem so. Nor would it have been either legal or wise for me to tell the world what our authorities know about such matters. I am surprised that a brilliant journalist should make such a foolish suggestion.

His little joke about the 247 beggars may amuse some of your readers. A journalist might not have been so exact, but a soldier's mind is trained to report simple facts as precisely as possible.

I am not quite clear what Mr. Werth meant by "amateurish discussions on Communism and Marxism." Surely these subjects are the rightful concern of every educated man of serious thought? I was unaware of any distinctions of "amateur" or "professional" status in this matter—except, of course, for those who make a good living out of Communism. By that definition I am certainly an amateur. RICHARD HILTON

Amesbury, Wilts.

GREEK FREEDOM

SIR,—It is regrettable, but not surprising, to observe that the end of the civil war in Greece has produced no sign that the Government intends to pursue a changed policy. Persecution and terrorism continue unabated. The same readiness to attribute to Communism a purely democratic opinion in contradistinction to that held by the Government is shown in the case of the legitimate demands of certain categories of trade unionists to improve their wage levels. It is estimated that real wages in Greece are still about 40 per cent. lower than pre-war standards.

News from Athens is that a number of trade union leaders have already been arrested for "subversive activity" in representing the views of their members. It is held that the Communist mechanism has broken down in Greece, as the majority of the newspapers recognise. But the Government is loath to relinquish their well-tried and effective excuse for the series of excesses which have disfigured the modern history of Greece.

The insidious assaults on the freedom of the press also continue. Two members of the staff of *I Machi*, the Socialist newspaper, are under arrest for complicity in the article criticising the notorious Makronissos "re-education" camp. Pressure on local newsagents not to sell other papers which fall under the Government's displeasure is still feared by publishers.

These conditions strengthen the demand for a caretaker Government, now regarded as a possibility in many quarters that formerly pooh-poohed the idea. But it is important that no members of the Diomedes Cabinet should have a place in it, for they have been disclosed as welcoming a military dictatorship, which in the present stage of Greek affairs would be a disastrously retrograde step.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

GREEK RELIEF

SIR,—An urgent appeal has reached the Relief Committee of the League for Democracy in Greece to increase their consignments of used clothing, blankets, food and soap to the men, women and children on the Greek Islands of exile before the really hard weather sets in.

Donations in kind have been pouring in to the League office, but money is lacking to pay for the shipping of goods already collected and to buy desperately needed blankets and medical supplies.

The goods sent by our Relief Committee are distributed by the International Red Cross to the exiles on the islands. Reports reaching us show that the condition of those unfortunate people is seriously worsening with the approach of winter.

However, it is within the power of each one of us to make their lot a little happier. In the name of Anglo-Hellenic friendship we ask your readers confidently to send a generous donation to the Treasurer, The Relief Committee, League for Democracy in Greece, 89 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

JOHN MAVROGORDATO COMPTON MACKENZIE
SYBIL THORNDIKE BOYD ORR

WHAT KIND OF A CREATOR?

SIR,—Dr. Joad's interesting article "What Every Young Man Ought to Know" (December 17th) suggests that Materialist Determinism, Marxism, Evolution and Freudianism all leave us as dependent as ever on postulating some kind of a Creator. Tantalisingly enough, he ends his article at this point. For, of course, the question is, what kind of a Creator?

There is no need to remind Dr. Joad that Shaw found a self-creating world as easy to conceive as a God-made one; and if the new theories Dr. Joad has mentioned leave the one concept intact, so do they the other.

The more complex the origins of the world are shown to be, the more pompous will our anthropocentric ideas appear. Cultural formulæ, tribal customs, civilisations, dogmas, behaviour patterns, wherever they originate, have much more in common with each other than with the imaginary Creators they postulate.

If one accepts the belief that there was a Creator, there is such a difference of opinion as to what kind of Creator, that the idea is hardly worth postulating, Shaw's idea seems to be as good a working hypothesis as any. Perhaps Dr. Joad's object was merely to put a gentle curb on the destructive arrogance of youth; in which case, he is, of course, thoroughly to be commended. J. C. LYNCH

8 Southwood Mansions,
Highgate, N.6.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

SIR,—I'm not guilty of Sir Patrick Abercrombie's charge. I expressed in my article no word of criticism of the quality or thought of Lascelles Abercrombie's writing. The suggestion of "guying" could hardly be more out of place. Reading the supplement of the Dictionary of National Biography suggested a comparison, in certain terms, between the tempers of two different periods. It might have been possible to write a different sort of article, criticising statements in the various biographies, but I found the other approach more interesting. Would Sir Patrick suggest that there's no such comparison to be made? If any question of bias arises, I should have thought it would have been possible to suspect in what I wrote a touch of nostalgia for the older values, as illustrated in my use of the quotation to which Sir Patrick—for what possible reason?—objects. GILES ROMILLY

MACAULAY'S LIBERALISM

SIR,—Mr. Trevor-Roper, in his defence of Macaulay against Tory denigration, surely goes too far in speaking of his "real liberalism, genuine humanity," etc. Can he possibly have read Macaulay's diatribes in the House of Commons against the Chartists, whom he called "great criminals, who would, if their attempt had not been stopped at the outset, have caused such destruction of life and property as had not been known in England for ages."

Macaulay wrote his panegyric of the Glorious Revolution soon after the 1848 disturbances on the Continent. The Revolution of 1688 he could praise unrestrainedly; the Revolution of 1789 he could understand, though he did not altogether approve of it. But his contemporaries, the mild leaders of 1848, were "barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under Attila and Albion were enlightened and humane," and their doctrines were such that "if carried into effect, would, in thirty years, undo all that thirty centuries have done for mankind, doctrines hostile to all arts, to all industry, to all domestic charities." (*History of England*, Chapter X.) This is the typical Whig view of revolutions which are estimable in proportion to their success and their remoteness in time. (Cf. H. A. L. Fisher, *History of Europe*, Chapter XXXVI, on the Russian Revolution.)

A Liberal Macaulay may have been; liberal he certainly was not. DAVID WILLIAMS

University of Wales,
Aberystwyth.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Our age has thought only twice, once when it bred Gandhi and once when it invented the atomic bomb." It was an Indian friend of mine, Dr. Lohia, who pronounced this verdict. Was there anyone else who ranks with Gandhi? Lenin shook civilisation and meant as much to scores of millions of his fellows as Gandhi did. But his power over their minds had to be reinforced by his political police and the Red Army. His will was an elemental force; but his thinking was an echo of Marx, magnified in the whispering-gallery of history. Gandhi stood alone, a miracle in this age of ours.

I have been reading his autobiography over again, *The Story of My Experiments With Truth*,* as he called it originally. In its pages is the record, in places amusing and pathetic, of his experiences as a shy, unworldly student in London sixty years ago, and as a lawyer in South Africa. Buddha and St. Francis of Assisi would have understood these "experiments" of his: his refusal to fare any better than the poorest of the poor, the fasts he underwent as penance for the shortcomings of others; the vow of absolute chastity that he took in his thirties; his faith in non-violence.

But Gandhi was unique among the saints and the ascetics in that he reckoned political action among his religious duties. The path that Buddha followed, when he renounced his kingdom, was the road to personal salvation. What Gandhi organised was not a monastic order but a formidable revolutionary party. How India got her independence is a complex story. She got it in the Tatas' steel-mills; she owed it to the nameless multitudes who went to prison; it sprang from the consciences of a long line of Englishmen who rejected Imperialism. But when all is said, it was Gandhi's work.

These confessions of his tell us something of the background out of which he came. He grew up in the backward feudal society of Kathiawad, and his father, like his grandfather, was an official of one of its many minor princes. His subcaste was exceptionally conservative: it even "out-casted" him for his sin in crossing the "dark waters" to England. The men of his family were pious and had no intellectual tastes. Gandhi had no interest in science, history or the arts, nor was he much of a reader, though a few books did influence his development. Vastly more important than any book was the heritage he drew from his mother. She was illiterate, but she was a deeply religious woman, steeped in the traditions of the Vishnu Cult and the Jains, who have preached and practised non-violence through two thousand years. It was from her example that he grew familiar with the practice of fasting, and from her that he learned the habit of taking difficult vows. In her son this unusual woman lived on. He had a woman's fondness for children and a passion for nursing. The spinning-wheel that meant so much to him was always Eve's tool. To conquer by suffering (as he did when he fasted), is a woman's tactic, as violence is a man's. The woman in him made him in fundamentals a conservative, even when the man in him turned rebel and reformer. The masses called him "Mahatma" (Great Soul), a title he disliked; to his followers he was always "Daddy" (Bapu). He was often described as the "dictator" of the Indian National Congress, and in a sense he was. But he never commanded, never insisted, never raised his voice. This paternal saint relied on the affection men bore him.

Conservatives have often been the most formidable rebels, witness Oliver Cromwell and George Washington. Gandhi's idea was to return to the immemorial way of life of the Indian village. He held that it was capable of producing virtually everything necessary for health and happiness. He saw no need for foreign trade or for railways, and dreaded urban civilisation, with its luxury and its slums. He was, none the less, an expert lawyer, who had to spend much of his life in criticising budgets and constitutions. But the only government this Tolstoyan anarchist really trusted, was the traditional village council (*panchayat*). He taught that it was every man's duty to accept and preserve the "indigenous institutions," the economic pattern and the ancestral religion of the land in which God has placed him, though some modification may be necessary to clear away "proved defects." It was because he started as an orthodox conservative Hindu that he was able to achieve his almost revolutionary reforms. Through half his lifetime he believed in caste, and to the end he held that men should stick to their hereditary callings. A freethinker could never have induced the peasants to treat the Untouchables as equals.

The power Gandhi wielded over his fellows sprang from his readiness to renounce all the customary goods and pleasures of life. His religion taught him "to reduce himself to zero" and to become "humbler than the dust." But it was his love for the lowly that gave him the strength to abstain from all that others value. He sublimated his sexual instincts so completely that they radiated from him in love for all mankind. He held, as other saints have done, that "all self-denial is good for the soul." But he imposed on himself a practical discipline which was something new in the records of Indian idealism. He was punctual, kept strict accounts of money, and trained himself in the arts of organisation so successfully, that Congress, under his leadership, became for the first time a great power. With him, faith and belief passed instantly into action. Reading Ruskin's *Unto This Last* during a long railway journey in South Africa, he became convinced that every man should earn his bread by the work of his hands. Within a week he had bought land which he proceeded to till.

The technique of non-violent resistance which Gandhi first evolved during his struggle against the colour bar in South Africa, relied on a simultaneous appeal to several sides of human nature. To begin with, the wronged Indian minority made itself a nuisance; it filled the prisons till they would hold no more; it went on strike; it organised spectacular marches. If that had been all, it is doubtful whether General Smuts would have yielded as he did. But Gandhi and his followers extorted the respect of their opponents by their frankness and magnanimity; they always acted in the open; they would not prosecute the whites who beat them up; they rendered good for evil by organising field ambulances in time of war. Gandhi's many fasts were the most typical of all his methods. He always denied that they were a form of coercion. But what else was he doing, when he compelled the mill-owners of Ahmedabad to grant a big rise in wages by starting a fast unto death? The peculiarity of this compulsion was that it was designed to "sting the conscience" of friends; it worked because they admired and loved him. Reforms, he argued, can be won only by "raising ferment" in society; in plain words, only by an appeal to the emotions; if one will not appeal by violence to fear, then one must appeal by suffering to love. How powerful this method could be Gandhi proved in the last year of his life, when the frail old man put an end to a furious outbreak of massacre in Calcutta by starting a fast unto death. In these ordeals, as in all else, Gandhi trusted his intuition, or as he put it, he listened to God's prompting through the Inner Voice. When he afterwards tried to rationalise what he had done, his explanations were sometimes bewildering. The boycott of foreign cloth was an effective and legitimate method of resistance, but was it consistent with *Ahimsa*, the law of love? Even more puzzling was his conduct when he recruited Indian peasants for the British Army in 1918.

We cannot begin to understand Gandhi until we realise how absolute was his faith in God's government of the world. For his vision a system of moral causality ran parallel with the chain of physical causes and effects in which the rest of us believe. He founded his first monastic retreat (*ashram*) on waste land infested by snakes; God saw to it that none of its inmates was ever stung. He believed as firmly that a terrible earthquake in Bihar was a punishment for the wrongs done to the Untouchables. And only in this way can we explain perhaps the noblest yet the most puzzling action of his political career. By graduated steps the first nation-wide campaign of civil disobedience reached its climax early in 1922. The peasants in two selected districts were eagerly awaiting his signal to refuse the payment of land-tax. He had sent his ultimatum to the Viceroy and published it. And then, while Hindus and Muslims, united as never before or since, were ready to risk everything for freedom, Gandhi called off the campaign. He did it, because the movement had been disgraced by the brutal murder of a score of policemen. Indians, he declared, were morally unfit for the task they had undertaken. The average European would assume that the problem was merely quantitative; if a sufficient number of farmers refused to pay their taxes, the Government must go bankrupt. That was not how Gandhi reasoned. What mattered was the purity of mind with which the non-violent rebels faced suffering. If even a few challenged the Government with prayer on their lips and love in their hearts, victory by the laws of God's moral Universe would be theirs.

How shall we measure the achievement of this practical mystic? History will say of him, that he lived to see the accomplishment of his life's central purpose. The British quitted India and did it with good will. But I doubt whether Gandhi himself felt the elation of victory. The triumph was stained by the mutual slaughter of Muslims and Hindus. In one vital matter his genius for leadership failed; never after 1922, and largely because of what he did in 1922, would the Muslims rally to his flag. A similar weakness may be noted in his South African strategy: he won the Indian settlers, but he ignored the Kaffir millions. The India he has liberated is not the India of his dreams. It feels a great pride in its army, and it is making haste to carry the process of industrialisation further. It is often said that Gandhi was a masterly tactician. His gift was something much rarer. Alone among Indian leaders he understood the peasants' way of thinking, and thanks to this he transformed the mind and posture of the masses. What he achieved in his campaigns of civil disobedience was that he taught the masses to stand erect and believe in themselves. They forgot their old servility; they shook off the fatalistic apathy of centuries; they felt and thought as free men in the act of risking something for freedom. This was a mighty service to humanity, but I would rate even higher what he did for the Untouchables. Almost alone, he

* *Gandhi*: An Autobiography. *Phœnix Press*. 21s.

broke a superstition sanctioned by custom and religion that dates from the night of time, and opened to fifty millions of his fellows, who lived like neglected animals, the gateway to equality and civilisation. With what courage and endurance he toiled to lift the curse from these outcasts the chronicles of our age will relate, a page or two before the business of Hiroshima.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE MORTAL MOON

Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated. By LESLIE HOTSON. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

Sergeant Shakespeare. By DUFF COOPER. *Hart-Davis.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is clear from Professor Hotson's title that he believes himself once more to have made a discovery. Here is not a contention but an announcement: the majority of Shakespeare's sonnets were composed by 1589.

> The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
> And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,
> Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,
> And peace proclaimes Olives of endlesse age.

Generations of chronologists have chewed over this in the 107th Sonnet, and most have seen a reference to the Queen; she has escaped a conspiracy, or passed her grand climacteric, or recovered from an illness, or died (the ambiguity in *enduring an eclipse* inevitably haunts the whole discussion). Mr. Hotson thinks that it would have been indiscreet to speak of Elizabeth as a mortal Moon, since the fact of her own mortality was distasteful to her; and *mortal*, moreover, had very commonly the displeasing sense of *death-dealing*. In any case, he implies, all this is matter of superseded argument. For now we *know*. The mortal moon is the Spanish Armada. A fleet in those days went into battle in the form of a sickle moon, and in engravings the Armada is regularly represented so. In a play of Thomas Heywood's a fleet is disposed "into a wide, and Semi-circled Moone"; Phineas Fletcher calls a fleet "a Moone of wood"; in 1588 the Armada itself is spoken of as "in battell araie, after the maner of a Moone cressant"; and in 1589 James Lea wrote of it as "a horned Moone of huge and mighty shippes" and added, "But all is vaine: for the breath of the Lords mouth hath dimmed the brightnesse of her Moone, and scattered those proud shippes." Does Shakespeare himself anywhere use *moon* again in the same sense? Some time after the disastrous sea-battle at Actium, Mr. Hotson points out, Antony cries:

> Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
> And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

We know from Marlowe's use of the word *terrene* that it could be employed as a short form of *Mediterranean*. Antony, in fact, is saying, "I have lost my Mediterranean battle-fleet, and so it is all up with me."

Mr. Hotson supports his case with other and independent arguments, including some very cogent matter on the 123rd Sonnet. But the 107th Sonnet remains the crux of his contention; like Romeo, he swears by the moon—and in doing so he will arouse in some readers misgivings as keen as Juliet's. For example, although it is certainly after Actium that Antony laments the eclipse of his Terrene Moon, there is no clear reference to the battle in the immediate context—which does however yield, only eight lines earlier, Antony's

> . . . my good stars that were my former guides
> Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
> Into the abysm of hell.

In this astral setting, Mr. Hotson's nautical suggestion must surely remain open to some doubt. Moreover similar references to actual heavenly bodies are pervasive in the rhetoric of the play, and Cleopatra significantly crowns the imagery here with her triumphant "I am marble-constant; now the fleeting Moon No planet is of mine." Thus the implication of the passage may be that Antony's fate is bound up with Cleopatra's, and is to be read both in the heavens and in the broken fortunes of the queen—of the queen who has herself been the very moon-goddess on earth. And if Cleopatra is an earthly moon, may not Elizabeth be that too—and be thereby (unlike Cleopatra in this) the supreme embodiment here below of that chastity which Diana exemplifies in the heavens? There would be nothing derogatory in this. It was, indeed, a commonplace of Elizabethan courtly effusion.

Mr. Hotson's book, crammed with riches of which here is no account, is the most exciting work in Shakespeare studies to appear for a decade or more. But I doubt whether it will effect in those studies the almost Copernican revolution that would have to follow upon the acknowledgment that Shakespeare wrote most of his sonnets before he was twenty-five.

There have always been those who judge it certain that Shakespeare had been a lawyer, or a sailor, or a soldier. Sir Duff Cooper takes up the last of these persuasions—but I fear that, like Matthew Arnold, he is not always wholly serious. Not only was Shakespeare demonstrably an army man; he held almost certainly the rank of sergeant. Othello as good as proves it. Is not his "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them" the very voice of one intimately concerned with the care of side-arms? And was not his rash conduct in Aleppo that "of a loyal and patriotic N.C.O. who found himself involved in a rowdy scene in a foreign port" rather than that proper in a highly placed responsible officer? One can have nothing but welcome for this urbane re-entry of the amateur into the dusty arena of professional Shakespeare scholarship.

J. I. M. STEWART

THE STICK AND THE CARROT

Memoirs 1942—1943. By BENITO MUSSOLINI. Translated by FRANCES LOBB. Introduction by CECIL SPRIGGE. Edited by RAYMOND KLIBANSKY. *George Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

When Mussolini was told, after his fall, that he was to be interned on an island, he replied: "You must be joking. I'm not Napoleon, am I?" Of course, he thought he was. The Napoleonic parallel was never absent from his mind; and is exemplified by this book. Napoleon's ramblings on St. Helena were recently dignified in English translation as "memoirs," and the third person changed to first person to heighten the interest; Mussolini's almost posthumous journalism has now received similar Napoleonic honour. These "memoirs" are the newspaper articles which Mussolini brought out in North Italy in the summer of 1944 under the title, *History of a Year: the time of the Stick and the Carrot.* The last phrase is the best thing about them. It is typical of Mussolini that he did not invent the phrase (it is Mr. Churchill's) and that it has little relevance to the book's contents; still it was too good a phrase to waste. Mussolini started as a journalist; either he had forgotten his trade or never been much good at it. The articles are rancorous, dishonest, unreliable, clumsy in construction; in fact very like Napoleon's "memoirs." They aim to justify Mussolini and to discredit everyone else; even in this they are unsuccessful. Obviously it is easier to be a dictator than a good writer.

The first chapters run over the Mediterranean war from Alamein to the allied landing in Sicily. Fragments of events are picked up at random—some to show that Mussolini had done everything to prepare against invasion, others to show that his generals had done nothing. The Italians fought well; they did not fight at all; Mussolini chose the best leaders; he chose the worst leaders. It is a rigmarole, leading to the conclusion that Italy's defeat was due to treachery—by Badoglio, by Marshal Messe, at any rate by somebody. To be fair to Mussolini, his account and explanation of the defeat of Italy are no worse than the countless "explanations" of the defeat of France (treachery in that case being Fascist instead of anti-Fascist). The real explanation was the same in both cases: tanks and aeroplanes knocked out men, and collapse followed. The meeting of the Grand Council on July 24, 1943, was a bizarre parody of the days of Bordeaux in June, 1940—the same intrigues, the same recriminations, the same pretence that the defeated were still in control of events. Still, no Frenchman manages the melodramatic atmosphere better than Mussolini: "On the afternoon of Saturday, July 24, Rome turned pale. Cities as well as men have a face, and the emotions of the soul are reflected on that face. Rome felt that something serious was in the air." And, after the council was over: "there seemed to be in the air a feeling of that inevitability which the wheel of Fate gives when it is once in motion, Fate of which men are the unconscious tools."

At least Pétain managed the job better than Badoglio. Once having made up his mind to betray his ally, he did it successfully; even this was too much for Badoglio and Victor Emanuel, and Mussolini has an easy task making fun of their efforts at capitulation. Again Pétain laid hands on his republican rivals and ensured that none of them (except the then unknown de Gaulle) got over to the British. Badoglio bungled Mussolini's internment. Clearly Mussolini meant to write here a new version of the martyrdom of St. Helena, but the attempt broke down; there was no martyrdom, only neglect and incompetence. Even the rescue from the Gran Sasso was without real risk or drama. When Mussolini took off for Munich, the S.S. men who had rescued him and the Carabinieri who had been supposed to be guarding him joined in the salute, "Duce! Duce!" One has the impression that Mussolini would have been glad never to hear the cry again. As it is he consoles himself that he is "hard to kill." Thus, in a motor-crash in 1920, "my shock-proof skull brilliantly neutralised the blow"; and in an air-crash some time later, "my Panzer-like head only showed a light scar between nose and forehead."

His last chapters ramble further back into history—why he invaded Greece, why he went to war at all, why he tolerated the dynasty. Of this last, "I am sometimes no end of a wit without meaning to be, and I said that the system was like a married couple's bedroom with separate beds"; brilliant indeed, though the joke is at Mussolini's expense. "Fascism has footed the bill for its mistake in not having been totalitarian right up to the apex of the pyramid. . . . The nation can arise again and live only under the banners of the Republic." In August 1939, "I did not want war, I could not want war." From there he jumps straight to the armistice of September, 1943:

> the greatest material and moral catastrophe in the three thousand years of our history. From that fatal month onwards, the sufferings of the Italian people have been indescribable and surpass anything human, to enter the realms of imagination. Never did nation climb a more dolorous Calvary!

This last chapter is called Calvary and Resurrection; there is no hint how the resurrection is to take place.

These "memoirs" were worth having in English, if only to reveal the tawdry and crooked mind of their author. It is something in this unpleasant post-war world to be reminded of the crew that the war got rid of. This is no excuse for presenting the "memoirs" in such pretentious form. Evidently the editor prepared them in 1945. He refers in a note to material published in November, 1945, as appearing "when the present book was in the press"; and Mr. Sprigge's introduction is dated May, 1945. After 1945 the editor lost interest and has made no use of later material; it is infuriating to read editorial notes which imply that Italy is still inaccessible to scholars. The editor has inflated the book from two hundred to three hundred pages by adding miscellaneous material about Mussolini's fall—the diary of the Admiral who accompanied Mussolini to his exile on the islands (excellent in

its way); recollections of the hotel-keeper on the Gran Sasso (very funny); and an account by Cardinal Schuster of his meeting with Mussolini in April, 1945, at the time of Germany's surrender (this last, later than the book and irrelevant to it). The fall of Mussolini is worth a serious study, on the lines of Mr. Trevor-Roper's incomparable book on the last days of Hitler; and the death of Mussolini would be worth doing too. Saporiti did it rather sketchily in *Empty Balcony*, a book Professor Klibansky does not mention. But these appendices are neither one thing nor the other. It was no doubt bad luck that Mr. Klibansky did not get his book brought out four years ago; but a scholar with a genuine devotion to his subject and a sense of obligation to the public would turn his bad luck to advantage and bring his book really up to date. The "memoirs" could have been brought out by themselves; or all the relevant evidence by others could have been added. This book is neither one thing nor the other, as slipshod as Mussolini's own method of rule or of writing.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

SAINT CRUMPET

John Ruskin. By PETER QUENNELL. *Collins.* 15*s.*

When, after some twenty-five years of intermittent insanity, Ruskin at last sank into his grave in 1900, he was destined to remain for many years, not unhonoured perhaps, but decidedly unsung. Only the mouldering copies of *Sesame and Lilies* in the twopenny trays of second-hand booksellers and the iridescent gleam of so-called Ruskin pottery presiding over displays of arty-crafty needlework reminded us pathetically of the great blows he had struck long ago in the cause of Art. The mocking school of biography passed him contemptuously by, in search of bigger game—and better game too from that point of view. For how could one mock at Victorian complacency in a man who had blown the gaff on it, as it were, by going mad?

Sooner or later, however, such a peculiar character was bound to be exhumed and anatomised. There was a rustling of dead bones two years ago, when Admiral James published *The Order of Release*, wherein the inner history of Ruskin's unhappy marriage to Effie Gray was revealed. Since then the post-mortem has been in full swing and the literary doctors have been handing in their reports. The latest and—may one hope—the last of these, as it is undoubtedly the best, is that of Mr. Quennell, who compresses all that it seems possible to know about Ruskin into 300 admirable pages, and whose sympathetic insight and persuasive prose transmute this seeming lone wolf into a distressed and pitiable human being.

The great virtue of present-day biographers lies in their scientific attitude of detachment from moral bias. Mr. Quennell attends Ruskin, like a medical practitioner attending a patient, with no object in view except to reach the right diagnosis. And Ruskin's malady presents symptoms of some complexity. The ups and downs of his temperament are of no particular significance. Such alternations of enthusiasm and despondency are common to creative genius, and in his case were the mild precursors of the manic-depressive insanity which finally overwhelmed him. It was not just the premonition of madness, however, that haunted his moods of despair, but a guilty secret, as at last we know. It has always been a mystery why Ruskin, after his failure to consummate his marriage with Effie Gray, should have made such a determined effort to marry Rose La Touche many years later and risk another fiasco. Mr. Quennell, who has had privileged access to the letters written to Mrs. Cowper Temple while the struggle to marry Rose was still in the balance, with the greatest delicacy has uncovered the source of Ruskin's impotence: it explains everything. It explains why he still believed he could make a success of marriage; it explains the astonishingly bitter letter written by the ex-Effie Gray to Mrs. La Touche, when the anxious mother asked her what was wrong with Ruskin as a husband; it probably explains why Rose was discouraged from the match; and it certainly explains why Ruskin, who was as high-minded an idealist as ever lived, was dogged with a sense of hopeless guilt from childhood. By virtue of this startling revelation alone Mr. Quennell's book makes all previous biographies of Ruskin obsolete. It is difficult to know which is the more astonishing; that Ruskin should have given documentary proof of his infirmity; or that posterity has had to wait so long before hearing of it.

With the discernment born of greater knowledge one can now circumstantially refute the legend of Ruskin as a cold, heartless character, chilled into insensibility by an excess of parental affection. Yet it was rather significant that his erotic feelings, such as they were, focussed invariably upon immature young girls. Adèle Domecq was fifteen, Effie Gray a schoolgirl and Rose La Touche only nine when Ruskin first noticed their charms. Mr. Quennell argues very plausibly that of the three, it was Rose, the latest to appear on the scene, who was the most important in his life. She was his last hope; he had fixed his heart on her: and when she failed him there was nothing to stave off the demon of madness lying in wait.

The best pages of *John Ruskin* are devoted to the strange relationship between the precocious little Irish girl and her desperate middle-aged admirer. Her St. Crumpet she playfully called him in token of his ambivalent character, for Ruskin alternated between worshipping her and lecturing her. She was his Rosie-Posie. And the two were on the best of terms with each other as long as it was a matter of exchanging letters full of fun and nonsense. But Rose was growing up; and the middle-aged Victorian gentleman was growing old. The time came to put a stop to the nonsense, and for Rosie to face the fact that she was intended to become Mrs. John Ruskin. Mrs. La Touche did not like the prospect; nor did Rosie when it came to the point. The flirtatious little tease turned, almost overnight, into a priggish, prudish and consumptive young lady. Her saint had disappeared, leaving only the crumpet; and she had no appetite for crumpets. The idyllic dream vanished as soon as it met the hard touch of reality; and Rose herself vanished into the arms of death a few years later. The Professor was left with a rose-wood box full of her letters, his memories and the beckoning finger of the demon.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TRAVELLERS

Men in the Tropics. Compiled and edited by HAROLD EVANS. *Hodge.* 18*s.*

Men in the Tropics has affinities with Miss Dorothy Carrington's anthology *The Traveller's Eye*: if it is less unfailingly delightful than that book it is because the limits Mr. Evans has imposed upon himself have made his task more difficult. Miss Carrington took the whole world as her field and had therefore the whole of English travel literature to ransack; Mr. Evans has confined himself to recording the impact of the tropics on the Englishmen who went there first, and since his secondary aim is to provide in his extracts "an introduction to the history, geography, flora, fauna and anthropology of the British Colonial Empire," the tropics for him are the British possessions in West and East Africa, the West Indies, the Malay Archipelago and the Pacific islands. All these territories, the West Indies alone excepted, were explored and opened up essentially in the nineteenth century so that Mr. Evans's is overwhelmingly an anthology of nineteenth-century prose. None the less, despite a certain lack of variety in the nature of his extracts, what Mr. Evans set out to do he has done well; his anthology is both enjoyable and valuable; and his own historical introductions to the various sections of his book are packed with matter, though they would have been even better if he had managed to restrain his tendency towards facetiousness in expression.

With few exceptions, among them Trollope, Charles Kingsley, Stevenson and Mr. Churchill, the writers Mr. Evans quotes from were not at

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all professional writers; they were explorers, sailors, naturalists, administrators, missionaries, writing as directly as they could, at their best when making factual reports. The archetype of them is probably Captain Cook, who was a master of the best kind of official prose. They are less good when attempting descriptions of landscape or the evocation of personal feelings in the presence of the essentially strange: here, the professionals do much better. But in the recording of what has been experienced at first hand they are excellent, particularly, I think, the early explorers of West Africa, Clapperton and Lander, the latter, who, first going to Africa as Clapperton's personal servant, himself became an explorer in his own right. What, of its kind, could be better than this, by Lander, from his *Records of Captain Clapperton's Last Expedition*, published in 1829? He is describing the execution by stabbing of the wives of a native king for "having spoken their mind with too much frankness in the royal presence an hour before":

> . . . the gleam of the uplifted daggers shot across my vision, and as quick as lightning the poniards were buried in the throat and bosom of each, severing the windpipe in their course. A faint gargling sound like water issuing from the mouth of a bottle, was the only noise produced . . .

Yet in all five parts of the collection at least one writer stands out from the rest through sheer natural writing ability, idiosyncracy and force of character. In the section devoted to West Africa no one really compares with Mary Kingsley, that formidable lady who strode across the African hills and broke them until she died in 1901 from typhoid caught while nursing Boer wounded. She was only thirty-eight then. She appears, in the extracts Mr. Evans has taken from *Travels in West Africa* and *West African Studies*, the very epitome of shrewdness, scepticism, common sense and unruffled good humour, all that and the unspectacular gallantry which goes with her remark, quoted by Mr. Evans, "Grand things, good old-fashioned skirts are for Africa"; and she expresses herself slangily, racily and always with ease. Similarly, the section on East Africa is dominated by the figure of the geologist, the late Professor J. W. Gregory, the explorer of the Great Rift Valley. His account of his encounters with the fierce Masai tribe of East Africa is a first-rate piece of narrative writing from which, without any ostentation, the character of the man triumphantly emerges, resolute, fearless, ready for anything.

Nearly all Mr. Evans's quotations, from more than ninety writers, are agreeable. One feels that he has given us the cream of most of them. No one, it seems to me, is likely after reading his extracts from Charles Kingsley's *At Last; A Christmas in the West Indies* or Trollope's *The West Indies and the Spanish Main* to be moved to get those works for themselves, as one now wants to read Mary Kingsley and Gregory's *The Great Rift Valley*. But there are other writers almost as good. Sir Everard F. Im Thurn is not, I admit, an author whose name I am familiar with, but the selections from his *Among the Indians of Guiana*, 1883, seem to me by far the best in Mr. Evans's section on the West Indies. Even more fascinating, in the section on Malaya, are the quotations from the autobiography of Munshi Abdullah, a Malay who as a young man was with Stamford Raffles in Singapore in the early days of the city and watched the growth of British power in the Archipelago. His life-story was translated in 1874 and, from the excerpts in *Men in the Tropics*, one can well believe that his remarks on the empire-builders he met "picture them more interestingly than can be found in grave histories."

The anthologist must expect to have his brains picked. It would be worth while any publisher on the look-out for unconventional books for reprint to examine *Men in the Tropics*. If the next two or three years see new editions of Mary Kingsley, Gregory, Im Thurn or Munshi Abdullah we shall know to whom the real credit belongs.

WALTER ALLEN

LIBERTY BELL

The Violent Men. By CORNELIA MEIGS. *Macmillan.* 30s.

On a July afternoon, after three days of debate and as the great bell rang out in the belfry above them, a group of grim and anxious men pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour to defend the new nation that they had created. The strokes of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia greeted their declaration that the American colonies were "and of right ought to be, free and independent States." Within a few bitter years a British military band was playing "The World Turned Upside Down," while Cornwallis was giving up his sword at Yorktown, and a wretched chapter in British history was closed. But it is a chapter in our history of which we know far too little, cut down to fit the scanty space of the school textbook, succeeded there by Watt, Arkwright, Napoleon, Waterloo, the Whigs and the Tories.

Of the events which came after the Declaration of Independence, Professor Meigs says nothing. Instead she has brilliantly reconstructed those that led up to it. This is the story of the two years between the British occupation of Boston and the Fourth of July. It is, primarily, the story of the Continental Congress and of the men who took part in it, driven reluctantly from protest to protest, from one attempted compromise to another, until the "violent men" at last carried a hesitant majority to its dramatic decision. If part of the story is unfamiliar, it is due as much to the secrecy with which the delegates surrounded their debates as to our neglect. But Miss Meigs has diligently pieced it together from monographs, biographies and letters. She has, moreover, given us a book in which the tension is never lost, though we know what the upshot will be, and she has written it delightfully. Her style recalls Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln*. She has the same taste for evocative detail, for the significant anecdote, for describing what we may rightly assume took place although we do not know. This is a type of historical writing that lies midway between the college text and the film scenario.

A scenario it might well make. One recalls how Eisenstein showed that *Paradise Lost* could be turned into a shooting script. This book would easily lend itself to much the same treatment. Trouble in Massachusetts over the East India Company's tea; Boston closed as a port by Act of Parliament; Paul Revere, not yet famous, riding down to Philadelphia with letters from Sam Adams. The colonies send delegates to a convention to discuss their grievances. The convention meets. Most of the delegates are lawyers or country gentlemen, anxious for a peaceful settlement, almost beguiled into appeasement by the ambitious and—the word is just—traitorous Joseph Galloway. The scene shifts to London, where, in the House of Commons, young Josiah Quincy watches the friends of American rights, Burke, Fox, Wilkes and Barré, overborne by the power of Lord North's purse. (It is charitable of Miss Meigs to recall, as we too often forget, that the best of us were on the right side in this Civil War, too.) Back to Philadelphia. The skirmishes at Lexington and Concord are over. The conciliation motions are voted down and Washington is appointed to command a tatterdermalion army.

So the action moves towards its climax. Parliament, by stupidity, arrogance and chicanery, drives the Congress further towards a break which few of the delegates desire and none had originally expected. Some men make revolution. But these delegates had it thrust upon them. Miss Meigs catches their shifting moods, their personal conflicts of conscience and comfort—though they are a little too noble, a little too much men in the gilded legend of Independence. Take, for instance, John Dickinson, a moderate to the end, who absents himself from Congress rather than sign the Declaration, but absents himself to join the army. Or take those Quakers

who were able, finally, to convince themselves that liberty was more dear to them than pacifism.

Then came those last few weeks in the early summer of 1776, when the issue of independence had at last to be faced. The " violent men " still were unsure of a majority. Each side canvassed the waverers. At last a majority of the Committee of the Whole was for independence. Could it be made unanimous? Delaware still held out, its delegation split evenly on the issue, until the delegate who held the casting vote, Cæsar Rodney, mortally ill, rode through the stormy night to reach Philadelphia and strode into the hall just as the vote began.

Dramatic? Yes, but surely no more so than events of our own period. It has a familiar ring about it. We ourselves have seen this refusal by imperial countries to meet history halfway, the same inability to understand the motives that drive peoples into nationhood, the irresolute alternation of concession and suppression. Then one day it is too late. There was a moment when the Americans might have accepted something very like Dominion status. But the moment was lost. There are more lost chances than good intentions in history.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE LAST KAFKA

In the Penal Settlement. By FRANZ KAFKA. *Secker & Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

This volume includes all those of Kafka's works which he published during his life-time; he requested that all his unpublished works—including the novels—should be destroyed. Some of the contents have already appeared in English, but they have only now been collected and published in the definitive English edition, of which this is the last volume. Last, but not least: Mr. and Mrs. Muir complete their translation with a book which is not likely to disappoint Kafka's English readers.

Kafka lacked the equipment of a great novelist; his best qualities are a vertical intensity rather than breadth, ingenuity rather than the knowledge and stamina required for massive constructions. He could never have overcome his limitations without sacrificing much of his originality; the two were inseparable. Besides, pure fantasies, as distinct from conscious allegories, are unmanageable; they do not lend themselves to diffusion or elaboration. In dreams and fantasies, time is suspended; but a novel, if only because of its length and its division into chapters, can never be safe from the intrusion of time. For those reasons, not *The Castle* and *The Trial*, but two long short stories included in this volume are Kafka's masterpieces. These two stories—*In the Penal Settlement* and *The Transformation* (previously published by itself as *The Metamorphosis*)—are sustained and complete; the details are subordinated to the whole and the author's purpose, though always enigmatic, has clearly been achieved. Perhaps, after all, Kafka was the best judge of his own work; his modesty, of course, was excessive, and I am not implying that all but the works included in this book should have been destroyed, as Kafka wanted them to be.

The Judgement is another powerful story; it is based on the kind of conflict between father and son experienced by Kafka himself, and it is free from the morbid subtlety which destroyed the effect of so much of his later work. *Meditation* and *The Country Doctor*—two small collections first published in 1913 and 1919 respectively—consist of very short stories and sketches, some of them as poignant as Baudelaire's prose poems. The shortest of these, *The Trees*, is almost an epigram, but typically self-destructive, tortuous in spite of its brevity:

> For we are like tree-trunks in the snow. In appearance they lie sleekly and a light push should be enough to set them rolling. No, it can't be done, for they are firmly wedded to the ground. But see, even that is only appearance.

Kafka's interest in circuses and fairs provided him with themes for three of his most moving pieces, *Up in the Gallery*, *First Sorrow* and *A Fasting Showman*; they are among those of Kafka's works in which he seems to have been able to interpret struggles and sufferings other than his own.

Richard and Samuel, printed as an appendix to this volume, is the first chapter of an unfinished travel book written by Kafka and Max Brod. Independently of each other, the two travellers wrote down their accounts of the same events. This experiment is interesting in many ways; as far as Kafka is concerned, it shows that he had a good eye for the trivial and the incidental. His capacity for minute observation and the precise manner in which he conveyed character, action and settings are distinctions which his imitators usually lack; for it was only by skilfully combining superficial realism with his private vision that Kafka succeeded in being readable, as well as unique.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

MOUNTAIN MEN

The Early Alpine Guides. By RONALD CLARK. *Phoenix House.* 15*s.*

Mr. Clark in this interesting book has done for the younger climbers of to-day what Cunningham and Abney did for the mountaineers of the eighties. He has compiled a series of biographies of guides, from Auguste Balmat who accompanied Forbes on his scientific glacier expeditions, to Carrel, Whymper's rival on the Matterhorn, Alexander Burgener and Christian Almer. Like the authors of *The Pioneers of the Alps* Mr. Clark too is western in his choice of guides, no guide born east of Meiringen getting more than a passing reference. Klucker and one or more of the famous Austrian and Dolomite guides should have had been the subject of a detailed study. Incidentally, Farrar's beautiful tribute to Daniel Maquignaz might have been quoted, one of the noblest interpretations in Alpine literature of " the feeling of more than ordinary friendship that binds one to a man like this whom one has learned to know and to judge in that school of stern, though voluntary, discipline and not infrequent danger that is of the essence of serious mountaineering." And I should have liked to see a study of some modern guide, such as the late Franz Lochmatter, the notice of whom by G. W. Young in the *Alpine Journal* would have been an admirable point of departure.

There are hardly any inaccuracies, but on the very page on which Mr. Clark tells us that Coolidge once condemned a book as worthless because " Grenoble " had been given an unnecessary accent, *Zäsenberg* is twice written *Zasenberg*. The only serious inaccuracy is the confused and misleading history of the Wetterhorn on page 34. Wills climbed the Wetterhorn in the same decade that Darwin published *The Origin of Species*, and both Wills and Darwin provided the discrete chauvinism of the British with opportunities for unhistorical propaganda. Darwin was not the pioneer of the evolutionary hypothesis, for he had been anticipated by Buffon, Lamarck and Erasmus Darwin, and Wills's ascent was not " the first sporting climb." He had been anticipated as far back as the eighteenth century, by Placidus a Spescha, the first man to make a regular practice of climbing mountains for fun. Wills did not make the first ascent as he was led to believe at the time, or the first ascent from Grindelwald. He made the fifth complete ascent of the Hasli Jungfrau peak of the Wetterhorn, the fourth by tourists, and the second from Grindelwald. And his book was only one of many which helped to start the fashion for mountaineering. Peter Bohren, who accompanied Wills and who abetted the friendly conspiracy of the village to convince him that he had conquered a virgin peak, had himself guided two of Wills's predecessors to the summit.

The natives of these mountain valleys might cross passes as smugglers, or scramble about the mountains hunting chamois, but would never have dreamt of climbing a peak for fun. If the desire to make first ascents had seemed to them to be anything but an eccentricity of the lowlanders which could be exploited financially for the benefit of the mountain men, they could have polished off the virgin ascents on their own, but I can hardly recall a single undisputed case of an all-guide party making a first ascent without being paid to explore the route by amateurs. I feel sure that it would have been regarded as very bad form for an all-guide party to spoil the market by conquering a virgin peak for the glory of which a grateful Herr would in due course pay handsomely. Christian Almer led a Rumanian Countess to the last easy ridge of the virgin Mönch before she collapsed, and he could easily have completed the ascent with his friends on the first day, but he waited three years until he was paid to lead an amateur on the first ascent.

Mr. Clark might have traced the evolution of

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the guide who was a pure professional into the modern guide, such as the late Hans Schlunegger of Wengen, or Walter von Allmen of Mürren, who climb as amateurs in the off-season, exploring new routes with other guides or friends from the same valley. Mr. Clark has collected a great deal of interesting material and his presentation is so attractive that he will be read with pleasure not only by those to whom most of his stories are new, but also by those who are familiar with his sources, but who will be glad to be reminded of the Golden Age of mountaineering. I am glad to learn from a letter in *The Times Lit. Sup.* that he is engaged on a life of that bizarre pedant, the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, who was famous for his feuds, and who could do anything with a hatchet except bury it. Mr. Clark refers to Coolidge's "quarrel" with me. I had supplied some information on ski-ing to the Editor of the *Blue Guide* to Switzerland, unaware of the fact that Coolidge was fuming because he had not been invited to edit this guidebook. One day at Grindelwald Lord Conway called on me. "I've just left Coolidge," he began and seemed vastly amused. "He asks me to give you a message. You are never to darken his doors again. You've been thanked in the preface of a book which he ought to have been asked to edit."

ARNOLD LUNN

LOST CHANCES IN ITALY

The Italian Left. By W. HILTON-YOUNG. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

That the political frivolity of the Italian Socialist leaders immediately after the first world war was one of the principal reasons for the success of Fascism is probably beyond dispute. There is, after all, Pietro Nenni's authoritative judgment, made in 1926 and not since changed, to that effect. Writing of the years 1919–20, he has said with characteristic honesty and directness that "the Italian Socialist Party showed a total failure in revolutionary preparation and was thus reduced, in those decisive years, to a passive register of the thoughts and anger of the masses." The Left-wing groups and leaders, with the possible exception of Gramsci and his Communist group in Turin—who were in any case a small minority—appear in the light of what happened later simply to have thrown away their chances, destroyed their positions one after another, and committed every conceivable mistake—with a lighthearted deliberation that was matched only by the spate of their revolutionary eloquence. Never was the "infantile malady" in more evidence; never has "leftism" enjoyed such a field day of fiery programme and ferocious language.

All that, no doubt, is very true and should be said. But it is quite another thing to say, with the author of *The Italian Left*, that the Socialist leaders were the "bombastic authors of Italy's ruin," and to present the rise and triumph of Fascism as a product purely of the failure of Socialist leadership. The Fascist reaction, in one form or another, would have come in any case. And just as the Marshall Plan intervened to save and support the Demo-Christians after 1945, and thus avert the structural changes which the Left-wing parties must otherwise have carried through, so presumably the Western Allies would equally have intervened in Italy (after all, they had paid Mussolini for his interventionist campaign during the first world war) if the Left in 1919 had known how to achieve power and to use it. Even so, perhaps, the Left might have prevailed. As it was, they fell far short of their mark; and for this failure they paid dearly in blood and in years of exile and imprisonment. Where they "the authors of Italy's ruin"? Or were those who came after, who perverted the whole sense of the Risorgimento, who suffocated all that was hopeful and creative in Italian life, and who finally took the Italians into a war they did not want and could not win?

To be taken seriously, an account of the Italian Left will have to show an awareness of more than the mere dates and names and main events. It will have to show an understanding of what Socialism means, of the analysis of society upon which it rests, and of the relation between the means of production and the means of government. To write convincingly of Marxist things, in short, one must at least have been exposed to Marxist ways of thought. It is hard to detect any such exposure in Mr. Hilton-Young. Whether he means it or not, accordingly, his book emerges as an attempt to show not only that the Italian Socialists failed, but that all Socialists, *a priori*, must also fail. Perhaps he does not mean to convey this impression. Perhaps it is simply that his means have not proved adequate to his end. The words "Socialism," "Communism," "Fascism" and other operative labels are freely strewn about his pages. But nowhere is there any definition of these, nor any attempt to show what was the real balance of forces in Italy at any given moment. Unaccountably, it seems, Socialists appeared on the face of Italian life. They were troublesome fellows for the most part, they made mistakes, and they were swept away. Why were they there at all? Our author does not say.

How far removed from sordid reality is much of this book may perhaps be seen from the opening sentence of Chapter I. "In the middle of the nineteenth century," we read, ". . . England was taking stock of the fact that she had become an industrial country and that her welfare depended on the welfare of the men who worked her iron and coal deposits. . . ." Which England? What men—the owners or the workers? As a contribution to the study of modern Italy, this book is of somewhat limited value. Where it should prove valuable, even with the handicaps already noted, is in its reminder of the ravages caused by Left-wing disunity after 1918. The Socialist and Communist Parties of 1949, as Mr. Hilton-Young is careful to note, are no longer the demagogic big-drum beaters of a generation back. They remain "maximalists"—and it is sometimes forgotten just how Red the Italian Socialist tradition really is—but "maximalists" with a difference. They have ceased to believe in words.

BASIL DAVIDSON

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,037

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a stichomythic verse dialogue (in 12 lines) between 1949 and 1950. To refresh competitors' memories, here is the Concise Oxford Dictionary's definition of Stichomythia—"dialogue in alternate lines of verse as employed in Greek plays." Entries by January 10th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,034

Set by Anne Scott-James

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to write a short paragraph for Critic's London Diary in a week in which one of the following events is reported to have occurred: Zilliacus joins the Tory party; Aneurin Bevan buys a dinner jacket; the Press is nationalised; General Franco starts on U.S. lecture tour; a fox is killed by hounds in the garden of Critic's week-end cottage.

Report by Anne Scott-James

Critic's Diary, it appears, is not too easy to parody; most readers chose to air their own views rather than get into Critic's skin. Critic does not rage at his opponents; he treats them blandly, as a Nannie treats a tiresome child. He is never shattered by events; he has his own explanation ready for every cataclysm. I liked the entry beginning "I am not surprised that Zilliacus has joined the Tory party" much better than "Zilliacus has provided the political sensation of the week." And only a few competitors could match Critic's fluent, accomplished style; too many allowed clichés to creep in and spoil a good paragraph. I liked Derek Barnard's opening words: "Most of us, I suppose, tend to regard formal evening wear as a predominantly middle-class affectation" and Edward Blishen's "we await the enormous book explaining his (Zilliacus') move—it will take at least a fortnight to write."

Zilliacus' alleged *volte-face* and Aneurin Bevan's dinner jacket proved by far the most popular subjects; few attempted the meatier themes of Franco's U.S. trip and the nationalised Press, while only two competitors could tackle fox-hunting without getting carried away by ill-temper. I recommend a first prize of two guineas to Colin Shaw, and one guinea each to the Rev. J. P. Stevenson, Stanley J. Sharpless, Pithecus and Kenneth Bradshaw, who, though he did not quite catch the literary style, made up for it with the lively invention of his four entries. Hon. mention to L. W. Bailey, H. J. R., J. R. Till, Stella Schofield, R. J. Pitcher.

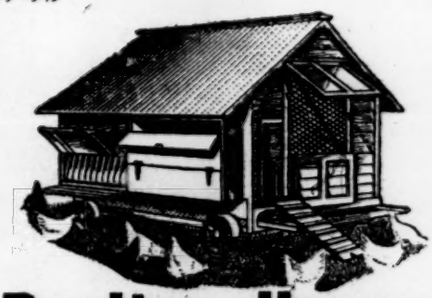
Few people, I imagine, expected to see Nye Bevan at Waldron Smithers' birthday party on Monday evening. Some of us, however, knew that he intended to be present if his duties at the Ministry of Health permitted. A friend of mine, whose business takes him into Savile Row, tells me that Nye's purchase of a dinner jacket for the occasion was the sole topic of conversation there for several days. The photograph of the Minister in his jacket which was featured so prominently by the *Daily Express* on Tuesday was scarcely flattering to the garment, whose cut was described by one who saw it as quite irreproachable. Nobody will have laughed more loudly than Nye himself at the suggestion contained in the leading article of one Tory daily that he has applied for membership of the Athenæum Club and may turn out with the Quorn later in the year. His comments will have been characteristically pungent. Incidentally, I wonder if the red tie he wore with the dinner jacket will set a fashion.

COLIN SHAW

I was once persuaded during the Civil War to watch a bull-fight at Toledo; a sickening experience which was recalled last Saturday when the local hunt killed in—of all places—the garden of my cottage. Everybody was rather angry. I grudged the havoc that the hounds made of the last of the chrysanthemums—and why should the barbarous ritual have to reach its climax on *my* land, anyway? The members of the hunt (farmers, a landowner in pink and an old-type squarson) were for their part indignant, I suppose justifiably, because I had forgotten to mark my wire fence with warning tags of red. As they rode resentfully away from the mess they had made, like a victorious army leaving a liberated but ungrateful town, I thought in charity of a remark of Nancy Mitford's, that hunting does at least teach unintelligent people to concentrate. All the same, riding horses to kill foxes has always reminded me of church parades in the army: whatever the separate merits of religion and parades, I could never see the slightest excuse for combining them.

REV. J. P. STEVENSON

The first thing Zilliacus did on joining the Tories was to write to this journal justifying his action. The letter was too long to include in our editorial columns, but we are publishing it next week as an eight-page supplement under the title "I Chose Winston," together with a reply by Dick Crossman,



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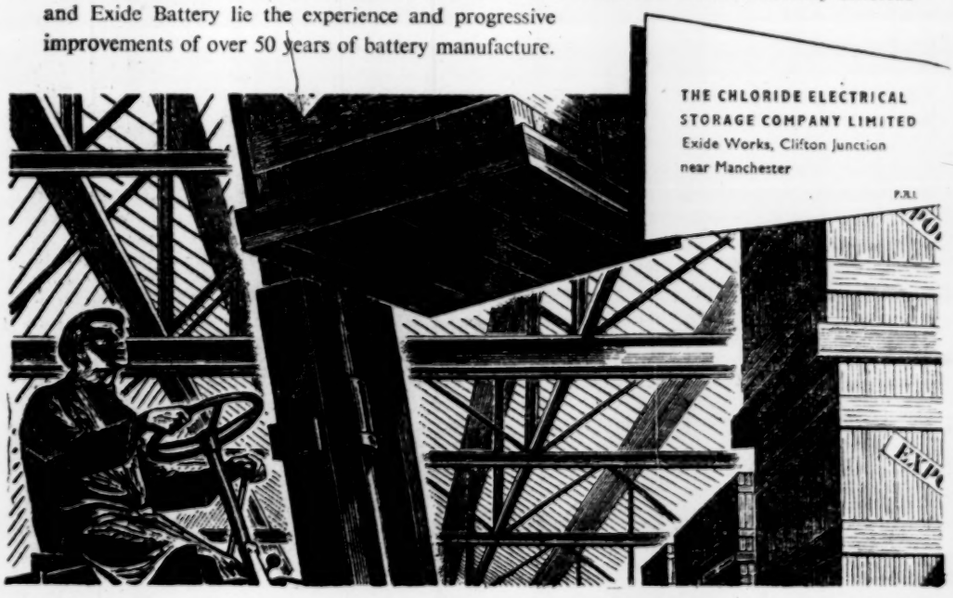

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Presiding at the Forty-first Annual General Meeting on the 20th instant, Mr. H. Eric Miller was able to report another satisfactory year's trading, and, in dealing with the Company's accounts for the year to the 30th June, 1949, he emphasised the strength and liquidity of the Balance Sheet, which shows current Assets more than £3,000,000 in excess of current liabilities.

Finality has not yet been reached in clearing up the many problems arising out of enemy occupation of those Eastern territories where the Company operates.

Referring to devaluation, he said that a colossal united national effort is clearly needed if we are to hold our footing and prevent any further slide. The effective aid which the H. & C. Group as a whole is rendering towards the closing of the Dollar gap is an impressive total, especially in shipments of Tea and Rubber.

In the course of his usual review of the Tea and Rubber industries, he said that available stocks of Rubber, equal to little more than two months' consumption, are definitely on the low side, and it is not surprising that the price should have shown some response when belated demand came into the Market. The price of first-quality sheet in New York is still below that of synthetic, an anomaly which should soon be corrected, for Natural Rubber is one of the few important industrial materials available at pre-war prices, and it certainly has lost none of its usefulness. The Report was adopted.

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"Zilliacus Puts the Clock Back." Zilly's *volte-face* doesn't altogether surprise me. I remember once when we were flying together somewhere during the war he picked up an illustrated magazine and pointed to a picture of Churchill. "There," he said, "is a man for you." "For you, perhaps," I said: "Not for me." A trivial incident, but prophetic as it turned out. Of course, Zilliacus is being perfectly logical in joining the Tories. They back Tito against Russia, and because this happens to be Zilly's current preoccupation it's enough to make him Woolton's fellow-traveller. Still, profoundly as Zilly knows his Europe, I'm wondering if he's ever heard of the young lady of Riga?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Mr. Aneurin Bevan's appearance in a dinner jacket has received much publicity and caused a great deal of speculation in political circles of all colours. There has been some muttering on Government back benches, and a certain amount of mild jubilation on the other side. The explanation is probably the very simple one of a graceful gesture to his hosts, the Tailors and Cutters Company. After all a man may be a good Labour man, and still wear the uniform of one of the services, and why not, therefore, the accepted uniform of a public dinner? There is, however, another possibility and both mutterers and jubilants would do well to remember a certain classic occasion: "Timeo Danaos"—even when the wooden horse is a dinner-jacket.

PITHECUS

General Franco's lecture tour of America promises to be enlivening. His flamboyant floodlit arrival in a replica of Columbus's craft, towed by a modern warship, was an absurd but effective piece of showmanship aimed directly at the American mind. He looked to me, from press photographs, like an obese Iberian Lohengrin. Armed with films of alleged Red atrocities in the Civil War and with historic relics of military Spain, the *Caudillo*, I gather, is going all out to stress the vital importance of Spain to Western, that is American, strategy, and his country's historic role as the defender of Christian civilisation. He is emphasising how Spain in the *Reconquista* smashed the Moors and an earlier menace from the East—though omitting to mention that he himself brought back these Moors to reconquer the Spanish people. Skilfully playing on the current Red scare, the *Caudillo* in his Technicolored accounts of the 1936–39 Civil War is heavily stressing his part as the little David who stood alone against the Red Goliath, to defeat whom America is only now belatedly rearming. He is, I hear, already calling for a new Lepanto against the heathen forces of Antichrist and the East, fancying himself perhaps cast *à la* Cecil B. De Mille in the mixed role of the Cid, Don John of Austria, and—should I add—the Toy Drum Major.

KENNETH BRADSHAW

It has been interesting to observe the welcome which the Tory press has given to the party's latest recruit. *The Times* claims that Zilliacus is following in the steps of a long line of radical reformers, but fails to produce many examples to justify this questionable thesis, and one doubts if Zilly has much in common with either Joseph Chamberlain or Winston Churchill. The *Express* remarks ambiguously that Zilliacus has "made a special study of Imperial problems." The *Telegraph* has so far made no comment, if one excepts an observation in Peterborough's diary that "this step marks the disintegration of the rebel group which a Parliamentary wag once christened 'The Pritt-Platt Club'." This *bon mot*, often repeated in the lobbies, in fact originated in the columns of this journal. Only the *Daily Mail* sounds a note of unqualified triumph, and asserts that "Zilliacus, like Edwards and Thomas, has at last realised that individual freedom is incompatible with State oligarchy." This hardly agrees with Zilly's own somewhat remarkable statement that he "will continue to support the struggle for co-operation with the Soviet Union and the democratic governments of Eastern Europe." His words are unlikely to reassure the pundits of Carlton House, who must feel that Lord Woolton's pre-election efforts to broaden the base of their party are perhaps going a little too far. If a Tory Government is returned, one doubts if Zilliacus will be seen on the Front Bench. His Parliamentary future is, indeed, rather obscure, but at least he has achieved the unique position of being the only contemporary politician to come out in simultaneous support of Churchill, Tito and Stalin.

L. W. BAILEY

The Minister of Health is always news, especially to the Opposition Press, and the dinner jacket story has been widely reported with the obvious comments. It must be temptingly easy to exploit in this way the remains of the national class consciousness If a Labour politician wears a cloth cap, like Keir Hardie, it is deliberate affectation. If, like J. H. Thomas, he wears full evening dress, it is a tacit surrender to the standards of a capitalist Society. Either way he is a gift to the columnists and the cartoonists, and it is not easy to see any middle way between the two extremes. The fact that Mr. Bevan had bought a dinner jacket might indicate, in anyone else, that he was trying to find one. For a dinner jacket is admittedly a compromise. But he is not the man to appease the Tory press by compromise, even in dress.

H. J. R.

I wonder what Wells would have thought about the much-publicised visit of the fox-hunting gentry to my garden. H. G. could never stand an M.F.H. He told me once after a eugenics meeting that this was the only species of *homo sapiens* that filled him with complete despair. "There's only one remedy," he said querulously. "Extinction." "Come, come," I replied, remembering that ridicule can be a political and social weapon, "There's always THIS ENGLAND." I didn't foresee that Fabian tactics by themselves would be powerless to prevent a brush with the Tories on my own doorstep. We need something more than a Charter for Foxes.

J. R. TILL

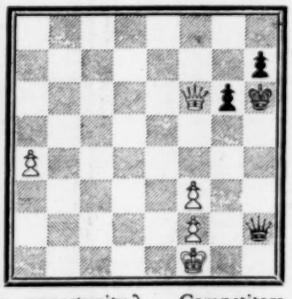
CHESS: Fighting For the Draw

No. 18

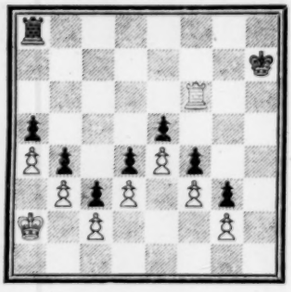
Once before, the readers of this column were asked not to despise the draw: not so much because ½ point gained is better than a full point lost, but because a "fighting draw" is much more thrilling than a dull win. There are two types of them: the staunch uphill struggle against material or positional odds, or the sharp clash with the result that the aggressor has to make the best of his material sacrifice by seeking the safe haven of appeasement.

The following game—Munich, 1900—belongs to the second category, but it has an additional point of interest, because it shows Pillsbury, on the spur of the moment (and under the spur of the clock) finding the only possible remedy against a "prepared variation" meant to confound his, then, favourite (and now obsolete) defence of the Lopez. True, Halprin got only a draw for all his painstaking and ingenious "home work"; but considering that Pillsbury, at that time, was near the peak of his fame, even ½ point against him was a most creditable achievement, to say nothing of the novelty's theoretical value. It starts with White's 14 move—up to that it was all "book"—and, after quite a sequence of fireworks, it reaches its brilliant climax on Halprin's 20 move. Yet, Pillsbury found an equally ingenious answer, certainly the only one that would do. Here is the game.

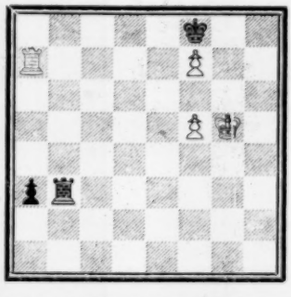
(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(13)	B x B	Q-Q2
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(14)	P-Kt6!!	BP x P
(3)	B-Kt5	Kt-KB3	(15)	Kt-Q5!!	P x Kt
(4)	O-O	Kt x KP	(16)	KR-K1ch	K-B1
(5)	P-Q4	Kt-Q3	(17)	R-R3	Kt-K4
(6)	P x KP	Kt x B	(18)	R x Kt!	P x R
(7)	P-QR4	P-Q3	(19)	R-B3ch	K-Kt1
(8)	P-K6	P x KP	(20)	B-R6!!	Q-K2!!
(9)	P x Kt	Kt-K2	(21)	B x KtP!	K x B
(10)	Kt-QB3	Kt-KKt3	(22)	R-Kt3ch	K-B1
(11)	Kt-KKt5	B-K2	(23)	R-B3ch	K-Kt2
(12)	Q-R5	B x Kt	(24)	R-Kt3ch	Drawn



Here (in a recent Russian championship tournament) is one of the rare instances where Paul Keres needlessly let his opponent get away with a draw. Cholmov (Black) played Q-R6 ch, and Keres made the mistake of playing K-Kt1. How did Cholmov grasp his opportunity? Competitors (for the usual prizes) are invited to answer this and also to find the solution for the following study by Hasek and the next. (Entries by Jan. 9.)



The Hasek study (published in Czechoslovakia in 1937) is rather more difficult. It is White's move and he is to draw. At first sight it seems easy enough, but it isn't. I will merely give this hint that White's problem is not so much to stop the Black Rook from penetrating via the open file, but to make the inevitable penetration innocuous.



Here, finally, is something very much easier. (Hamming-Wackers, Amsterdam, 1940) Black played (1) — P-R7, and after (2) K-Kt6, R-Kt6ch (3) K-B6. Black seemed unable to prevent Mate. Yet, he saved himself. How?

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 15

A: (1) R KtP ch, K x R (2) B-R6 ch, K-R1 (3) Kt-Kt6 ch, P x Kt (4) P x P, Q-KB8 ch (5) K-R4, Q-B6 (6) B-Kt7 ch, K x B (7) Q-R7 mate.

B: (1) Kt-K5, Q-K3 (2) B-B4, P x B (3) P-B5, Q x Kt (4) Kt-Kt6 ch, P x Kt (5) P x KtP, Q x KKtP (6) R-R1 ch, K-Kt1 (7) Q x BP ch, Q-Q4 (8) R-R8 ch, K x R (9) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt1 (10) Q-R7 mate.

C: (1) B-R7 ch, K-R1 (2) Kt x P ch, R x Kt (3) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-R2 (4) Kt-B8 ch, K-Kt1 (5) Q-R7 ch, K x Kt (6) Q-R8 mate.

First prize to R. W. B. Clarke who sent in this amusing oddity, a "double-perpetual":

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(8) Q-B3 ch	K x Kt
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(9) Q-B7	KKt-B3
(3)	P-Q4	Kt-Q2	(10) Kt-Q2	Q-K1
(4)	B-QB4	P-KR3	(11) Kt-B4 ch	K x P
(5)	P x P	P x P	(12) P-B3 ch	K-B4 ch
(6)	B x P ch	K x B	(13) Kt-K3 ch	K-K4
(7)	Kt x P ch	K-B3	(14) Kt-B4 ch	K-B4 ch

Consolation prize shared by A. J. Head and M. Kaye. Among those who got the main idea of the difficult Popp-Bauer position were E. W. Beal, M. Rumney and R. C. Chaturved.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of South Africa (External Division), Pretoria. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in English. It will be expected from the successful applicant to provide tuition to external students by correspondence and such other methods as may be prescribed by the University. The salary scale is £600×£25—£900 plus a temporary cost of living allowance amounting at the moment to £208 p.a. in the case of a married man and £40 for others. Allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 21st, 1950.

ROYAL Air Force—Education Branch. Short Service Commissions. Duration 3, 4 or 5 years. Applications invited from candidates who are University graduates or otherwise entitled to recognition as qualified teachers. Minimum age 21 years. Engineering, Radio and Electronic Engineering, Physics and Mathematics are main subjects required but appointments are also offered to men qualified in History and other Arts subjects, teaching method, etc. Pay on appointment depends on qualifications, experience and war service. Thus, a man aged 25 may draw pay up to £420 and, if married, marriage allowance of £337 a year. Single officers receive free furnished accommodation. All officers draw rations in kind or a tax free allowance of £60 a year. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities of appointment to permanent commissions will arise for officers with university degrees. Permanent Commissions: A few permanent commissions are offered to men aged 23-33 (upper limit may be raised for war service). Candidates should ordinarily be first or second-class honours graduates in Engineering, including Radio and Electronic Engineering, Physics or Mathematics. Pay and allowances as for short service commissions. There is time promotion to Squadron Leader, in which rank pay and allowances can rise to £1,104 a year (plus rations or ration allowance). Promotion beyond Squadron Leader is by selection. Retired pay varies with rank (e.g. £475 a year for Squadron Leader, £625 for Wing Commander, £825 for Group Captain, etc.). Women's Royal Air Force: Vacancies exist for Education Officers on short service commissions. Conditions and qualifications as for men, except that pay rates are about three-quarters of those for men. Free furnished accommodation and rations are provided. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities of appointment to permanent commissions will arise for officers with University degrees. Full details and application forms for all above appointments from Air Ministry, A.R.I., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

A VACANCY has occurred for a qualified Assistant Occupational Therapist, male or female, at Netherne Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. The work will largely be among patients who are undergoing treatment in the early stages of their illnesses. Applicants should be young, have a progressive outlook and should believe more in the stimulation of their patients to free expression within the occupations they provide than in conventional instruction. Salary according to the Report of the Joint Negotiating Committee. Applications, giving full details of qualifications, age and experience, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent not later than January 20, 1950.

CITY of Nottingham Education Committee. Wollaton Grange Community Centre. A Warden is required for the Grange Community Centre. The Centre has its own premises (where the Warden must reside and for which he will be charged £52 per annum) provided by the Education Authority who pay the Warden's salary of £300 by £15 to £555 per annum. Further details and forms on application from F. Stephenson, Director of Education, Education Office, South Parade, Nottingham.

LONDON County Council invites applications from women who hold the certificate of the National Nursery Examination Board for engagement as Nursery Assistants Class I in its residential nursery schools. There are also vacancies for Nursery Assistants Class II for which experience of work with nursery school children is desirable but not essential. Salaries: Class I £165-£5-£195; Class II £150-£5-£165, plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry in each case. For application forms and further details send stamped addressed envelope to the Children's Officer (CH/A.2/26), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (1487)

BRIDLINGTON Youth Hostel requires married couple, interested in youth work, as joint wardens. Good living quarters. Salary £185 p.a. all found. For particulars apply with stamped envelope to Secretary, Y.H.A., Malton, Yorkshire.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School: Teacher required for Sunday mornings, 10.10 to 12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood Rd. N.W.8.

ASSISTANT Masters (single) required immediately for small co-educational school (vegetarian). Subjects to include Diction, Carpentry, Gardening. Box 3734.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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UNIVERSITY man with classical education and some electrical engineering and legal experience required by London firm of consultants to edit their technical reports. Whole or part-time engagement. Apply Box 3923, giving age, qualifications, etc.

SENIOR Reporter. Vacancy at "The Luton News," Manchester St., Luton, Beds.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ST. Martin's. Tem. 1443. Mon.-Fri. 2.15. Tu. W. Th. 11 a.m. Robert Atkins, Joan Dowling. "Midsummer Night's Dream."

MERCURY. Par 5700 Evgs., 6.30 Mats Thurs., Sats., 2.30: "Beauty & the Beast."

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.), St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "The Silver Curlew." Members.

UNITY. Last perf. "What Next!", Sun., Jan. 1, 7.30. Opening Jan. 6, "Buster." Assoc. Membership 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PLAYERS, Temple Bar 1149. Commencing Dec. 20, "Beauty and the Beast," and "Late Joys." Four weeks only. Members.

WATERGATE Theatre. Charles Williams' nativity plays "The House by the Stable" and "Grab and Grace." Dec. 30, at 8 p.m. Dec. 31, 2.30 & 8 p.m.—"What is Acting?" An experiment for children and grown-ups. Jan. 2 to 9 inc. at 2.30 p.m. Children's Xmas Holiday Membership 1s. Apply Sec., 29 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6261.

SPECIAL Matinee of Cecil Landeau's "Christmas Party" (Children's Revue), Cambridge Theatre, January 10. In aid of the Lingfield Hostel for Jewish Children from the concentration camps. A few tickets at 21s. still available. Secretary, Berkeley Charities, 31 Seymour Place, W.1. Pad. 4404.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Sun., Jan. 1st, 7.30. "Anna Lans" (A).

300 Film Club. Kensington. Five shows outstanding foreign films, Jan.-May. 15s. Details: Treas., 27 Amherst Rd., W.13.

DAVID Webster speaks at Opera Circle, Sun. Jan. 1 at 8 p.m. 160 Wardour St. W.1. "The Olympians" (Bliss); musical illustrations by Grandi, Leigh, Schock, Glynne and Gellhorn. Partics. Hon. Sec., WES. 7513.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Jan. 3, at 7.30 p.m. Smetana's "Vyšehrad" (from the cycle "My Country"), presented as a "spoken opera" by Stephen Jolly assisted by Herbert Lom; followed by a talk, "The Panorama of Czech History." Evening meal at 2s. 6d. served from 6.30 p.m. All welcome.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series, January 9 to 21, Nightly at 7.30 (Sunday excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Jan. 9-13, 17-21), conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, and London Philharmonic Orchestra (Jan. 14); London Symphony Orchestra (Jan. 16), conducted by Basil Cameron. Assistant Conductor: John Hollingsworth. Tickets: Res. 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d.; unres. 3s. from Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom.): 12s. from Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., at doors only. Prospectus 1d. (by post 2d.)

JEWISH Philharmonic Circle, Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. Monday, January 2. Lieder recital by Hanna Löewen with Doris Lasserson at the piano. Schubert, Schumann, Brahms. 8.15 p.m.

COMMITTEE for Promotion of New Music presents its 113th Studio Recital at Salle Erard (Augener), Gt. Marlborough St., at 6.30 on Tues., Jan. 3rd. Chairman: Thomas Russell. 1st Speaker: Denis Stevens.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sunday, Jan. 1, at 8 p.m. Pianoforte Recital by Helmuth Block. (Mendelssohn, Bloch, Schonberg, Rawsthorne, Milhaud, etc.). Non-members 1s.

ALL Nations Social Club—New Year's Eve Carnival Dance at St. Saviour's Hall, Walton Place, S.W.1 (behind Harrods), on Sat., Dec. 31, 7.30. Tickets 6s. 6d. obtainable at door. Club details from All Nations Social Club, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL. 5088.

ANNUAL Christmas Dance of St. Marylebone Labour Party and Fabians. Jan. 7th, 7.30-11.30. Broadhurst Rooms, Railway Hotel, 100 West End Lane, N.W.6. Tube, West Hampstead. Buses 59a, 159, 28. Fancy Dress or Masks optional. Bar. Tkts. 4s. 6d. each, from Mrs. Hendy, 24 Abercorn Place, N.W.8. CUN. 8989.

I.F.I. New Year Dance, January 7, Paddington Hall, Porchester Rd. W.2. 7-11. Tickets 4s.

PEGGY Ashcroft judging costumes at Hampstead Labour Party 12th Night Fancy Dress Dance, Fri., Jan. 6. Bickersteth Hall, Grove Place. 1 min. Hampstead Tube. Fancy Dress optional. 7.30-11.30. 2s. 6d. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Until Jan. 14. Week-days 10-6 (Tu. & Thurs. 10-8). Admission free.

PUPPET Play, "The Boy and the Wind," at "Bulgaria To-day" Exhibition. Performances twice daily at 3 & 6 p.m. until Jan. 4. Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Exhibition open until Jan. 7. Daily 10-7 (Sundays 2-6).

COLOUR Reproductions of French Impressionists. The Phœnix Gallery has a large selection at moderate prices, framed and unframed. Pictures make an ideal gift. 38 William IV St., W.C.2. Mon.-Fri. 9.30-6.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galls., Suffolk St. S.W.1. Winter Exhib. Sculpture, Prints, Drawings. 10-5 exc. Sun.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Pottery by Lucie Rie; Blown Glass by F. Lampl. Dec. 16-Jan. 10.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GIMPEL Fils, 50, South Molton St., W.1. MAY. 3720. Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings and new selection of French Lithographs.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Richard Ziegler, Jan. 2-31, 10.30-5.30. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Contemporary Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, Sculpture, etc. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Pntgs. & Ballet Designs by Eugene Berman, Gouaches of Latin America by Costa, recent pictures by E. Box. Until Jan. 14.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

P.E.N. Lectures. Royal Egyptian Club, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Wed., Jan. 4, at 6 p.m. L. A. G. Strong on "Synge After Forty Years." Chairman: Roy Fuller. Tues., Jan. 17, at 6 p.m. Jack Lindsay on "Culture in the Soviet Union." Chairman: W. N. Ewer. Tickets 2s. each from P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

TYRONE Guthrie on Verdi's "Falstaff" (Sadlers Wells' new production), illustrated by singers from the Opera Co. Tues., Jan. 10, 7.30. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. Admission free.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Mondays, 7.30 p.m. 2nd, Film Show: "Health and Hygiene." 9th, Mems.' Meeting. 16th, Peter Wright: "Yugoslavia." 23rd, David George: "European & Indian Ballet," with gramophone records. 30th, Alfred Tucker: "War Resisters' International."

SHAW Soc.: "Aerial Football." 57 Dean St., W.1, Dec. 30, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 1s. Partics., c/o Shaw's Corner, Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts. Lect.-recital avail. for other socs.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Jan. 4, 1950, at 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Socialism at the Cross-roads," Francis Ridley. Adm. 1s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 3: 1st in series on "Ethics and Modern Thought": H. J. Blackham, B.A. (Secretary of The Ethical Union; Editor of "The Plain View.") Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Jan. 1, 1950: Resolutions.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Jan. 1: S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Mid-Century." Adm. free. For Reports of Lectures see "The Monthly Record," by post 4s. p.a., from the Secretary.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall. Every Thursday at 7.30 p.m. Thurs., 5th: Religious Conversazione with questions and answers. All welcome. On the 12th will begin the first lecture of a series of Indian Religious and Philosophic Thought.

LONDON Jewish Grads.' Assoc. Tu., Jan. 3. John Spencer: "Gambling & Society." 33 Seymour Pl. W.1. 8.15 p.m. Vis. 1s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 31, 6 p.m. Mr. S. L. Salzedo: "The History of Language"; Jan. 7, 6 p.m. M. Fuller, Guitar Recital. (Alliance Française.)

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